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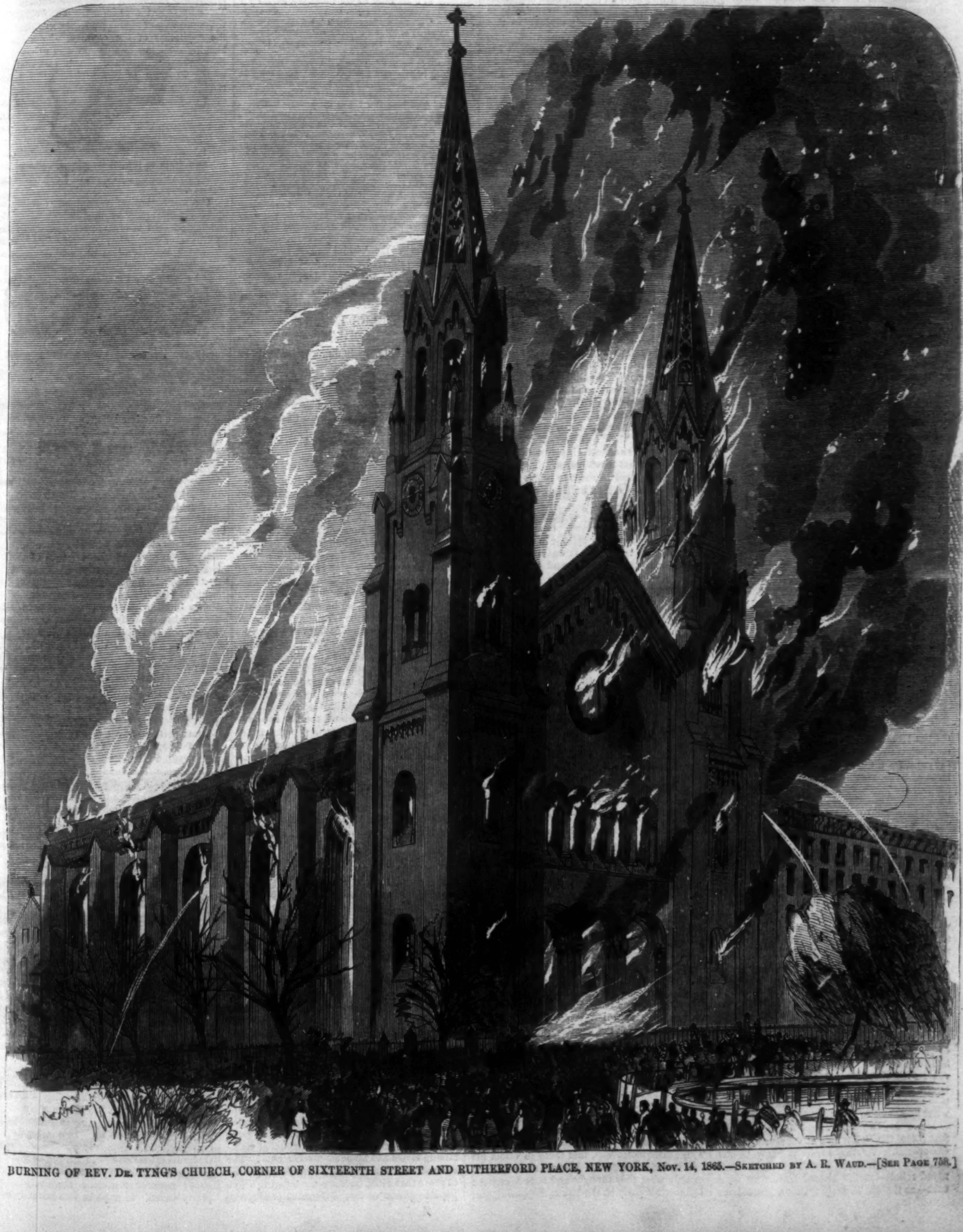

BURNING OF REV. DR. TYNG'S CHURCH, CORNER OF SIXTEENTH STREET AND RUTHERFORD PLACE, NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1865.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

SECURING PEACE.

IT is pleasant, although not surprising, to know that Mr. M'PHERSON, the Clerk of the last House of Representatives, will not enter upon the roll of members of the new House the names of those who claim to be representatives from States lately in rebellion, and which are still in a purely exceptional condition. Had he adopted any other course Mr. M'PHERSON would have assumed singly to decide that those States have resumed their original relations with the Union, and that persons who were yesterday leagued to destroy the Government may to-day administer it upon equal terms with its friends and supporters. The utter absurdity of such an assumption we have heretofore considered.

But this position, gravely defended by those whose sympathies were practically with the effort to overthrow the Government, should serve to warn us what is to be expected. The spirit which was baffled in the rebellion will seek to achieve its ends by political alliances and intrigues. The party in the Southern States which asserts "State sovereignty" will try to unite with that at the North which asserts "State rights" in a tone which is not unfavorable to the Southern claim. Under the plea of conformity to the executive conditions the Southern wing will claim to be allowed to resume their relations and settle their interior questions, meaning the condition of the freedmen; and the Northern wing will insist that we must assent to this demand.

If we do, two results will follow. In the first place, the Union men at the South will be dishonored. As the dominant party in the Southern Conventions and Legislatures were noted rebels—as the elected Governors were such—as the distinctively "Union" candidates have been generally defeated, it is plain that to have been known during the war as a friend of the Union will ruin a man's political prospects; while to have been a conspicuous friend of "the South" will commend him to popular support. In the second place, under the form of vagrant laws and codes for freedmen, the men who have been freed by the United States will be unfairly treated by the separate States.

We trust, therefore, that Congress will proceed with the utmost deliberation. It is impossible, indeed, to destroy the dogma of State sovereignty. Men who have been bred in that doctrine are not cured of it by compulsion. Civil war does not immediately remove theories, although it affects action. But in every conceivable way the spirit of State sovereignty should be prevented from controlling the local governments. For instance, the mere repeal of an act of secession is an insult to the United States, which has spent the time and money and blood of this war to annihilate the assumption that such an act can have any validity whatever. Congress should require upon this point the most explicit declaration that such an act is absolutely unconstitutional and intolerable, and that the only right which any citizen of the United States can have to resist the Government is the right of revolution. The war has indeed settled this point, but the plainest confession of that settlement should be an essential step toward the restoration of a disaffected State.

Then it is equally plain that the freedmen can not be honorably left by us to the local State legislation. Universal testimony shows that the morbid feeling both among the white and the colored population will long render necessary a hand which is powerful enough to enforce justice. We have little doubt that this view also will be entertained by Congress.

The forgive and forget policy, which is so persistently preached in some quarters, is mere political insanity and suicide. The people at the South are profoundly mistaken if they suppose that there is any vindictive feeling among Union men; but they are still more fatally deceived if they imagine that therefore the victorious friends of the Union are blind to the plain necessities of the situation. They mean to secure what they have won. They would not—at least the better and firmer part of them—hang a single man for a political offense after a bloody war; but those are the very men who would insist upon every guarantee against possible war hereafter. The Union men of the North truly commiserate those whose wicked folly has ruined their own fortunes, but they are neither weakened by their pity nor deceived by it into criminal carelessness. They would willingly give bread to the late rebels who are starving, but they will be infinitely wary of giving them the ballot.

To call this "cruelty," or promoting "bad feeling between the sections," is simply folly. The war was not a pretty episode in which each side showed its heroism. It was a contest of principles, in which Liberty and Union won, and in the settlement of which Liberty and Union are to be secured, as the only foundation of permanent national peace.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN.

IN the criticisms upon the policy of the Administration toward the unorganized States there has been often a tone of censure as if it were too hasty and would commit the Government to an action which the country would not approve. It was urged, also, that the President ought to assemble Congress to consider the question of reorganization.

But we have always endeavored to show what is now proved, that the course of the President was tentative and not final. It was, as General LOGAN justly defined it, an experiment. The country is committed to nothing. The first cardinal point which was to be ascertained was the real disposition of the dominant class in the rebel States. Upon that every thing depended. Was it trust-worthy? Was it such that the hand of the United States could be soon and entirely withdrawn?

The President has never said to the people in the unorganized States whom he summoned to act, "Do this and that, and then the States will be restored as before." He has merely said and repeated: "Certain things are obviously necessary in any reconstruction. Now, then, let us see what you propose." If he had said, after the surrender of the rebel armies, "Now do so and so, and you shall be as you were," there would have been no discretion. Those to whom he appealed would have complied categorically with the conditions. The representatives would have come to Congress. The foolish advice of withdrawing all the national forces would have prevailed, and the late rebel States would have been restored to their full relations in the Union before the disposition of the people in them was known.

Now by the course of the President this disposition has been fully revealed. To use a familiar phrase, he has given the late rebels rope. The consequence was, that those to whom his proclamations appealed at the South showed exactly what they thought and hoped, and the Democratic party at the North, supposing that the late rebels were to return upon their own terms, opened in full cry for what they called the President's policy. That policy, as now appears, was simply an experiment to ascertain if the late insurgents could be trusted; and the result is before the country.

So, also, if the President had called Congress together in an extra session to prescribe conditions, Congress itself could not have acted intelligently. But now, when it meets in December, it understands exactly the spirit with which it has to deal. That spirit is hostility to the Union, and to all who have been faithful to it. What the Raleigh *Progress* says of North Carolina is undoubtedly true of the entire insurgent section:

> "The VANCE and DAVIS leaders fused and marshaled their forces against Governor HOLDEN, as they would against any other man who had denounced the war and the Confederate leaders, and hence the large vote against them. If Governor HOLDEN is beaten, the same men who have done it would vote for JEFFERSON DAVIS or ZEBULON B. VANCE against ANDREW JOHNSON. There must be a great change of heart in North Carolina before ANDREW JOHNSON, as a candidate for the Presidency, can carry it against any prominent leader in the rebellion who may oppose him. We feel confident that it is but too true that a majority prefer to vote for a rebel hero to an ultra, unconditional Union man. These things are unpleasant to those of us who want civil law and a place in the Union, but as they are true we owe it to ourself to state them. The whole people were very loyally disposed, apparently, in May and June, when the bristling bayonets of many battalions gave them gentle and constant reminders of the necessity of good behavior; but as the pressure was withdrawn the disaffected became more and more insolent, until now men, women, and children, on bended knees, are imploring ANDREW JOHNSON to restore to them their darling pet, JEFFERSON DAVIS. These infatuations may be sweet and pleasurable now, but if we mistake not they will become terribly bitter before the March winds shall have ceased their requiems. We regret to speak thus, but wide-spread and increasing disaffection compels us to do it. The supporters of WADE HAMPTON and Mr. WORTH are the enemies of ANDREW JOHNSON, and will be as long as he is the enemy of treason and foe to traitors; and when the time comes when they can strike him a blow they will do it."

The course of the Administration, in patiently permitting the real spirit of the late rebels to display itself, will, upon reflection, not be condemned by any truly loyal man.

THE TROUBLES IN THE WEST INDIES.

IN judging of affairs in Jamaica it should be remembered that we know very little more than the fact of very serious troubles, including the most revolting murders; but of the real origin, progress, or extent of the troubles we are in no condition fairly to judge because there is evidently no one upon the island who can fairly report them. The stories have been seized of course by the late rebel and Copperhead press in this country, and all their rhetoric has been expended to show that the inevitable consequence of emancipation and the conferring of civil rights upon men of colored blood is universal bloodshed and horror. The morbid hostility to the colored race which with ludicrous solemnity calls itself "Conservatism," finds in the reported horrors of Jamaica fresh reasons for believing that fair play is the worst of all conceivable policies.

The most intelligible account of the insurrection in Jamaica which we have seen is in a letter from the island to the Washington *Chronicle*, which says that the trouble began in the utter destitution of the blacks. The correspondent quotes a Jamaica quadroon of capacity, wealth, and influence, who states that the whites who had the money and intelligence to develop the country have been deterred by fear of black domination and by injudicious legislation. Capital thus avoiding the island, the last two years of consuming drought have made the unemployed negroes half-starved and desperate; and they have risen not only against the white but also the mulatto population.

Nothing is proved by the Jamaica troubles but that ignorant and wretched men, when ground by hunger and privation to the last desperate extremity, turn like wild beasts. Their ferocity and their crimes, however, are not dependent upon their color, and men who are not ground to the earth, but are only maddened by passion, are often guilty of equal enormities. The horrors of the late war in the Southern States, upon the part of the rebels, and the untold crimes of the mob in the streets of New York two summers ago, had not the excuse of starvation and despair, and the atrocities of the French Revolution were more pardonable than what we have ourselves witnessed upon our own soil.

Crime is crime, wherever and by whomsoever committed. But the attitude of the colored race in this country during the rebellion proves infinitely more for its manhood and humanity than any crimes committed by the starving blacks of Jamaica prove against them.

Meanwhile the suppression of the rebellion in Hayti, which is evidently imminent if not already accomplished, shows that other governments than those of "white men" are competent to maintain civil order. And why should any American citizen be unwilling to recognize with pleasure every proof that men of all races under fortunate conditions are capable of maintaining stable and humane governments? The example of France could be as cogently cited to prove that white men are not equal to a free popular system as that of Jamaica or Hayti to show that colored men are unfit for political trusts of any kind whatever. Liberia is an outpost of civilization, but its government is in hands of African descent. It is placed under peculiar disadvantages, but even so situated it has compelled respect from the neighboring native tribes which now come to the Liberian courts to settle differences. The amity of the world must ultimately be established upon the mutual good-will of races. And if we are long in learning the lesson, we shall yet learn it, and the world have peace.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF GOVERNMENT.

WITHIN ten days after these lines are read the Secretary of the Treasury will have laid before the people his Annual Report, containing a specification of his policy and his recommendations to Congress on the subject of the public finances. It is no exaggeration to say that it will possess an importance second to no Treasury report ever issued. The holders of $2,000,000,000 of Government securities; all the capitalists of the country, who are now keeping their money idle in dread of contraction; the South, which pleads earnestly for money in order to restore its shattered fortunes; the West, which is being swiftly developed by greenbacks, and which fears the withdrawal of its life-blood; merchants and manufacturers, to whom contraction means collapse, and further expansion the highway to ruin; the laboring class; the tenant class; every one, in short, high or low, rich or poor, looks for the forthcoming Treasury report with eagerness and anxiety.

The last authoritative expression of opinion from the Secretary of the Treasury was the celebrated Fort Wayne Speech, in which Mr. M'CULLOCH stated that he knew of no method by which the premium on gold, and consequently the price of commodities, could be reduced except by a curtailment of the currency by funding legal tenders into long bonds. He proved his sincerity by funding $50,000,000 of legal tenders (exclusively interest-bearing) into Five-Twenty bonds @ 103. As might have been expected, the operation produced a temporary stringency in the money market, and compelled a number of individuals and banks to turn the Government securities they held into money. This involved a decline in Seven-Thirty notes, which were originally taken at par less a fractional discount, to 96 per cent.; and in the new Five-Twenty bonds, which were subscribed for at 103, to 99 per cent. The fall would have been heavier but for repeated official assurances from Washington that no further "Proposals for Funding" would be issued prior to the meeting of Congress.

Should the Secretary reiterate in his report the opinions expressed in his Fort Wayne Speech, and call upon Congress to authorize further conversions of currency into long bonds, with a view to the permanent withdrawal of the former from circulation, the result will, of course, be a further decline in the market-price of Government securities. No man, possessed of ordinary intellect, will continue to hold Five-Twenty bonds or Ten-Forty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes at present prices when he learns that further issues of United States bonds are forthcoming—and forthcoming in a way which will involve stringency in the money market, and consequently depreciation in the current value of all classes of securities. There will be a rush to sell, and possibly a panic. To what point Government securities would decline in this event it is difficult to foresee. The funding of $50,000,000 of inert interest-bearing notes caused Five-Twenty bonds to fall from 103 to 99. The funding of a second lot of fifty millions might depress the bonds to 94 or 95, and a third batch to 90 or even lower. It must be borne in mind that the first "Proposal for Funding" took the financial community rather by surprise, and that very few persons realized what would be its effect. Had the takers of the first fifty million Funding Loan foreseen its effect on the money market, and consequently on the price of Governments, they would not have subscribed at 103; had the holders of Government bonds and notes throughout the country foreseen the result, they would have hastened to be beforehand with the Treasury Department, and would have placed their securities in market.

A decline—however sudden or severe—in the price of Government securities, seriously as it might embarrass the Government and the national banks, would perhaps be cheerfully endured were it accompanied by a corresponding decline in the premium on gold, and in the market-price of commodities. But it seems by no means certain that the funding process recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Fort Wayne Speech insures a fall in gold. When the "Proposals for Funding" were issued gold was 145; when the loan was closed gold was 147. Notwithstanding a substantial reduction of $50,000,000 in the legal-tender currency, and a monetary pinch which caused Government securities to fall 3 @ 4 per cent., gold rose instead of falling, and commodities either rose or remained stationary. It is pretty difficult to explain this anomaly other-wise than upon the theory that the people at large do not believe in the ability of the Government to contract the currency in any material degree, and, guided by past experience, are led to expect that spasmodic and violent efforts made by the Treasury Department to restore the currency to a specie standard will, in effect, operate to debase it still further. Are there any grounds for believing that new "Proposals for Funding" would prove more successful than the last proposals in reducing the premium on gold?

The country is now generally prosperous. Our foreign trade is large. Our internal traffic, as measured by the business of the jobbers, the traffic reports on the railways, and the internal revenue receipts, is beyond all precedent. In the four months ending 1st November, Government is said to have received from internal revenue nearly $125,000,000. Our customs duties will yield this fiscal year over $100,000,000 in gold. At this rate, Mr. M'CULLOCH would be enabled by 1st July, 1866, to pay off 4 @ 5 per cent. of the public debt besides meeting all his current obligations. Is it wise to disturb this condition of things? Is it prudent to make experiments which may or may not result in a decline in the premium on gold, but which are sure to embarrass trade, to ruin the holders of Government securities, to place the National Banks in a position of danger, to vastly diminish the demand for and wages of labor, and so largely to reduce the product of internal revenue as probably to necessitate new loans to meet current expenses and pay the interest on the debt? Is it safe to pursue a policy one of the first results of which would be to reduce importations, and consequently to diminish the customs revenue, on which holders of national securities rely for the interest due them? How would the public credit stand if the revenue from duties fell back again to $50,000,000 or $60,000,000—as would be the case if the banks were generally compelled to curtail their discounts?

Suppose we let things be. It is very bad, certainly, to have gold worth 147, butter worth 65 cents, and boots $17 a pair. It would be far better to have gold at par, butter at 25 cents, and boots at the old price of $6. But, meanwhile, the men who eat the butter and wear the boots are getting wages which enable them to pay the present high prices as easily as in former times they paid low prices. There is no want any where. On the contrary, labor of all kinds, skilled and unskilled, was never so much in demand. No cry of distress reaches the ear. No soup kitchens are projected; no calico balls proposed. Society from basement to attic has adjusted itself to a depreciated paper currency, and is getting along very well, better by far than it did in 1843–4, or in 1858–9, when the currency was not depreciated at all. *Cui bono*, then, disturb matters?

If the Government should quietly resolve to make no more spiteful attempts to reduce the premium on gold, but to leave that article to find its own level, and meanwhile, devoting its whole energy to the collection of the largest possible revenue from taxes and customs, should use the excess of its revenue over its current expenditure in the payment of its debts, extinguishing first those obligations, legal tender or not legal tender, which first mature, and gradually reducing the volume of annual interest: would it not be pursuing a policy which would commend itself to the approval of clear-headed mercantile men? The result would be the avoidance of any shock or financial crisis, such as would inevitably follow a pursuance of the funding policy; the liberation and employment of the large amount of capital now locked up in dread of contraction; a continuance of the prevailing activity of business and consequent fair demand for labor of all kinds; large revenue from taxes, and a general willingness to pay them; a reduction in rents, and in the cost of all articles which now rule at high prices through the want of competition; and a steady appreciation of Government securities. The effect on gold, though not as immediate as some might desire, would be none the less certain. The premium on gold is but the measure of public distrust in the Government promises-to-pay. Let it once be clearly seen that the public revenue is in excess of its expenditure, that the people are paying taxes willingly, and that there are to be no further attempts to "doctor the currency," and it will not be long before those "promises-to-pay" command as high a price in gold as the promises of other solvent and prosperous Governments.

PRESTON KING.

THE death of PRESTON KING is peculiarly sad because of the universal personal regard which he inspired. Many men in office are faithful, industrious, exact. They perform their duties thoroughly and satisfactorily, but they are automatic, mechanical, and give the impression merely of good officers. But Mr. KING overflowed his office with his genial personality. Those who came to see the Collector left with a kindly regard for the man. And all such persons will feel a shock in hearing of his melancholy end, which is a touching and lovely tribute to the man.

Mr. KING's exquisite sensitiveness to responsibility or reproach sprung from the same amiable and affectionate nature. He was simple, frank, genial, and the base aspersion of his motives in regard to a failure in the relief of some Americans during the Canadian troubles of 1838 occasioned at that time an aberration of mind. But his judgment was sound and his counsel wise, and with the purity of his nature and the loftiness and humanity of his principles, he was an invaluable public officer.

He was, doubtless, sadly harassed by the importunity of office-seeking; and we hope his successor will resolutely refuse to be worried as he was. Of course, if a man takes office under express pledges, he can not help himself, but he has nobody to blame if he succumbs to their pressure. It is the difficulty, also, of the Collectorship of the Port, that, by tacit understanding, its occupant is a party leader who in all his patronage must be governed by partisan considerations. If Mr. KING's successor will also declare his independence of such bonds he will promote his own comfort and the public welfare.

Such a course would keep thousands of honest people industriously at home and at their occupations instead of tempting them by the hope of a prize into the disappointing lottery of public employment. The long and dreary pursuit of a place from which the fluctuations of politics or party necessity may exclude him in four years or less, is demoralizing to any man. And the deplorable fate of the late good Collector will be truly serviceable if it shall tame the ferocity of office-seeking by the quiet resolution of his successor not to tolerate it.

THE SUFFRAGE.

THE suffrage question has many aspects. It is both denied and asserted with equal vehemence that political rights are natural rights; but every American at least must be very wary how he commits himself to the negative of the proposition. If governments justly exist by the consent of the governed, it is rather difficult to show that there is no higher claim to a share in political power than the consent of those who already enjoy it. That it may be withheld is very possible. That it can be justly withheld is not evident.

But in the discussion of impartial suffrage in the late rebel States we may descend from the heights of abstract right, and regard the point as purely one of expediency. It is asked, and fairly enough, whether in the condition of public opinion in the loyal States, as shown in the Connecticut refusal of impartial suffrage; in the defeat of the same proposition in Wisconsin by a majority of ten thousand in the popular vote, while the Union ticket was elected by eight thousand; and in the disabling suffrage laws of many of the other States, it is advisable to insist upon impartial suffrage in the States which are to be reorganized. We say this question is fair and natural enough, but the subject must be regarded from the point of view of the national welfare.

Thus, in a State like Connecticut, which is indisputably faithful to the Government, it is not directly essential to the national safety that the two thousand colored men should be allowed to vote. It is a pitiful disgrace to the State; but it is not essential to the nation, because the non-voters are so few, and because the political power remains steadily in patriotic hands. So also in Wisconsin and other Western States. But in Georgia or Mississippi the considerations are very different. In those States the question of impartial suffrage involves directly the national welfare. The point of inquiry is, whether if political power be intrusted exclusively to the late rebels with their present disposition, the State will maintain that intimate and hearty relation with the National Government which is indispensable, and whether the dangers of impartial suffrage there are not very much more than balanced by those of partial suffrage?

It is not a question for passion or rhetoric, but for the calmest and most thorough deliberation.

A NEW CLUB.

THERE is a new Club just established upon the Fifth Avenue. It is called the "Manhattan," and its object is "the dissemination of Democratic principles."

What are "Democratic" principles?

If JOHN BRIGHT and JOHN LAIRD should arrive together in New York, which would go instinctively to the Manhattan and be welcomed—the man who built the *Alabama* for the rebels, or the man who stood straight and sure for the Union?

If every English Lord who sneered at the Government and sympathized with the "gallant gentlemen of the South" should come here, would he go naturally to the Manhattan—and why?

If it were desirable to find the gentlemen who approached the British Minister with overtures of foreign interference in our war, would or would not the anxious inquirer knock at the door of the Manhattan—and why?

What are "Democratic" principles?

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

EX-GOVERNOR CLARK, of Mississippi, who was a conspicuous rebel, lately wrote a very temperate reply to an invitation to address the Legislature of that State, in which he said of the national flag: "With all of you I marched under that flag in a foreign land, and it was victorious. With all of you I marched against it, and it was victorious. It again waves over us, is our flag, and may it ever be victorious." Amen!

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—While feeling much flattered by your kindness in reproducing in your last issue a poem of mine entitled "American Slavery—The Prophecy," which you are pleased to designate "a remarkable prophecy," I would feel obliged if you would kindly correct two errors in your introduction. First, my name is *not* Mrs. HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOOTH, but Mrs. HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOATE. Second, the poem was not written twenty years ago. It was written in 1849, the year I was married, and it appeared in the journals of that year. There were three verses more to it originally, which seem to have been lost on its passage through the press during the last sixteen years. I would not trouble you, only I prefer my own name to the name of BOOTH, around which there are so many painful recollections that I at least would not emulate bearing it, neither would I wish the merit (if there be any) of the little effusions of my early life to be given to another, and reproduced under the name of BOOTH.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOATE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

IN South Carolina the Legislature has been at work modifying the slave code. Measures have been introduced to prevent negroes from having arms in their possession. The following resolution has been adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Provisional Governor be requested to convey to the President of the United States immediately the conviction of this General Assembly that the continuance of colored troops in this State subserves no good purpose, while their presence tends to increase the demoralization of the colored population; that it is the interest of both the State and the freedmen themselves that the condition of antagonism resulting from the presence of these troops should be terminated as speedily as possible; that if any good reason existed for the removal of the colored troops from the interior of the State where the white population predominates, a much greater necessity exists for their removal from that portion of the State where the colored population is largely in excess."

A resolution has been introduced to prevent free negroes from "keeping open shops and other marts of traffic for barter and sale."

General Gillmore has lately issued an important order declaring that until United States Courts shall be duly authorized and put in operation in the State of South Carolina, it is the duty of the military authorities to afford full and ample protection to officers and agents of the United States in the discharge of their official duties. All civil officers and magistrates are notified that they will not be permitted to cause the arrest of United States officers, or agents, or to issue any writ of injunction or other civil process, calculated to impede or embarrass them in the discharge of their duties.

South Carolina will probably send three rebel generals to the United States Congress.

On November 20th the President received the following dispatch from Provisional Governor Marvin of Florida: "The Convention has annulled the ordinance of secession, abolished slavery, and declared that all the inhabitants of the State, without distinction of color, are free; and that no person shall be incompetent to testify as a witness on account of color, in any matter wherein a colored person is concerned. It has repudiated the State debt, contracted in support of the rebellion, amended the Constitution in other respects, and adjourned."

GENERAL GRANT IN NEW YORK.

During the fortnight of General Grant's stay among our citizens he has been the recipient of triumphal honors. The reception given him on the evening of the 20th at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was magnificent, and every way as worthy of the city as it was due to the Lieutenant-General. We shall allude to this reception again in a manner more pleasant to our readers.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The appointment of Major-General John A. Logan as Minister from this country to the Republic of Mexico would at first appear to be very significant in its relation to our attitude toward Maximilian. This General is well known as a friend of the Liberals. On the other hand, the order of General M'Dowell strikes directly at the Juarists. Of course the Liberalists have need of arms and munitions of war. The sea-ports are all in the hands of the French, not only on the Gulf, but also on the western, or California coast. Of course the only remaining channel of supply was overland. They endeavored to procure warlike supplies from San Francisco; and the head-quarters of Juarez being at El Paso made this scheme still more desirable and feasible. But General M'Dowell, who commands the Department of California, including that State and Arizona, discovered this line of communication through the latter district. He immediately ordered his officers commanding districts—while keeping in view the recent orders allowing the exportation of arms and munitions of war—to instruct the commanders on the Southern frontiers, within the Department, to take the necessary measures to preserve the neutrality of the United States with respect to the parties engaged in the existing war in Mexico, and to suffer no armed parties to pass the frontier from the United States, or suffer any arms or munitions of war to be sent over the frontier to either belligerent. It appears to be the determination of the Government to preserve its neutrality, while it throws its entire moral force against the Imperialists.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is stated from an official source that the Army of the United States has not been reduced as low as seems to have been supposed. Its full and available strength exceeds 180,000 men, of which about half is on each side of the Mississippi River.

In the Department of the East Secretary Stanton has changed the name of Fort Richmond, on Staten Island, at the Narrows, to Fort Wadsworth, in honor of the gallant hero who fell at the head of his troops in the battle of the Wilderness.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew has been appointed to the important post of Minister to Japan.

Major-General Howard addressed a large assemblage of Freedmen at Jackson, Mississippi, November 11. He assured them that the plantation lands would not be divided among them, and that the freedom which they enjoyed was the privilege to work for their living and support.

A grand reception was given to the colored troops at Harrisburg November 14. They made a parade, and, halting before the residence of General Cameron, listened to his address, thanking them for their services in crushing the rebellion. The procession marched to the Capitol grounds, where Professor Day, of New York, delivered an oration.

President Johnson has appointed Major-General John A. Logan, of Illinois, late commander of the Army of Tennessee, Minister to the Republic of Mexico, and Colonel William A. Browning, of Tennessee, Secretary of Legation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE "SHENANDOAH."

OUR latest news from Europe indicates that the notorious pirate *Shenandoah* has surrendered to the British man-of-war *Donegal* and arrived at Liverpool November 6. Captain Waddell took great pains to communicate immediately with Earl Russell. Notwithstanding the well known fact that he has been repeatedly informed of the close of the war Captain Waddell appeared very anxious to get some definite intelligence as to that important matter.

The crew of the *Shenandoah* numbered 183 men all told, and, as soon as she was surrendered, Captain Waddell, together with some of the officers, separated. Since setting out on her work of destruction the *Shenandoah* has destroyed 37 vessels, the majority of which were whalers, and these were destroyed after the cessation of hostilities. On board the *Shenandoah* there are about thirty-six chronometers, together with a number of sextants, cabinet furniture, furs, and other articles of value, which are supposed to be part of the proceeds of Waddell's late raids among the whalers in the Arctic seas. In her hold there still remains a large quantity of ammunition, together with six short guns and a large swivel gun.

The London *Star* says: "The honor of the country and the supremacy of the law alike demand that the captain and crew should be put on their trial. Although we have had during the war abundant evidence of the inefficiency of the customs authorities at Liverpool, we can scarcely credit the story that, while the surrender of the vessel was accepted, the captain and crew were allowed to escape without the instructions of the Government being taken. If this blunder has been added to the many already committed in connection with those privateers, it only imposes upon the Government the duty of more energetically setting about their recapture."

The London *Times* considers the reappearance of the *Shenandoah* in a British port at the present juncture "an untoward and unwelcome event." This journal adds: "Captain Waddell and his 130 men can not be handed over as prisoners of war upon any hypothesis consistent with that of the war being at an end. Nor under any circumstances can they be given over to the United States. They might possibly be prosecuted under the Foreign Enlistment Act, but experience has shown the extreme difficulty of establishing offenses of that nature. The crime of which they really stand accused—supposing them to have willfully ignored the termination of hostilities—is that of piracy, and on this charge it is possible that they may be apprehended and tried before an English court of justice."

THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT IN CANADA.

Although the Fenian excitement is quite over in England, this is far from being the case in Canada. Here there is great commotion. A battery of artillery has been ordered from Ottowa to Prescott to occupy Fort Wellington. From Montreal a company of Chasseurs Canadiens, have been ordered to the frontier. From Woodstock a company has been ordered out, and military orders have been issued in all directions. All the candidates entering the military school are required to take the oath of allegiance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Earl Russell, as Prime Minister, and Earl Clarendon, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, were formally installed into office by the Queen, at Windsor, on the 3d inst. On the 6th Earl Clarendon received the whole of the diplomatic corps on taking office.

The French people evidently don't like the vicinity of Admiral Farragut to their coast. A Paris telegram says: "According to the *Independance Belge*, there is some mystery in the presence just now of Admiral Farragut, on board the Federal cruiser *Frolic*, on a tour of visits to our ocean war harbors of L'Orient and Brest. What does that daring and distinguished American seaman contemplate by loitering along our coast? or is he taking soundings for ulterior operations in case of a rupture about Mexico? It is clear that there are susceptible folks here who see nothing frolicsome in the visit of so determined a sea captain."

The Emperor Maximilian has determined and ordered that all his forces be withdrawn from the outposts and concentrated at three points, viz.: Vera Cruz, City of Mexico, and San Luis Potosi. He will make these three places the head-quarters of the respective districts, and await the arrival of his expected reinforcements.

A letter from Mazatlan says that the French have quite abandoned Sinaloa, except that 800 troops held the city (Mazatlan), and that a large Mexican force has cut off all communication with the interior, and threaten the town.

The Empress Carlotta is about to return to Europe.

The Mexican delegation has left Rome, and the evacuation of the city by the French troops goes on rapidly. The troubles in Algeria are quite formidable. The Algerian insurgents against the Emperor Napoleon number 50,000, and are in possession of the whole south side of the Tell Mountains.

In the late Italian elections the Government of King Emanuel has been strongly supported. The following have been re-elected members of the Chamber of Deputies, viz.: Baron Ricasoli, Marquis Pepoli, Generals Garibaldi and Bixio, and Signori Rattazzi, Peruzzi, Minghetti, Pisanello, Cairoli, Guerrazzi, Mordini, Cantu, Nicotera, Vegezzi, Farini, Jacini, and Crispi. The majority of the other Deputies elected belong to the moderate Liberal party. The following will be the strength of the political parties to the Chamber: Moderates, 286; Constitutional Left, 101; Clerical Right, 9; Doubtful, 46.

Spain has informed the British Government that she intends taking energetic measures to put an end to the slave-trade. The cholera was decreasing at Madrid and Seville.

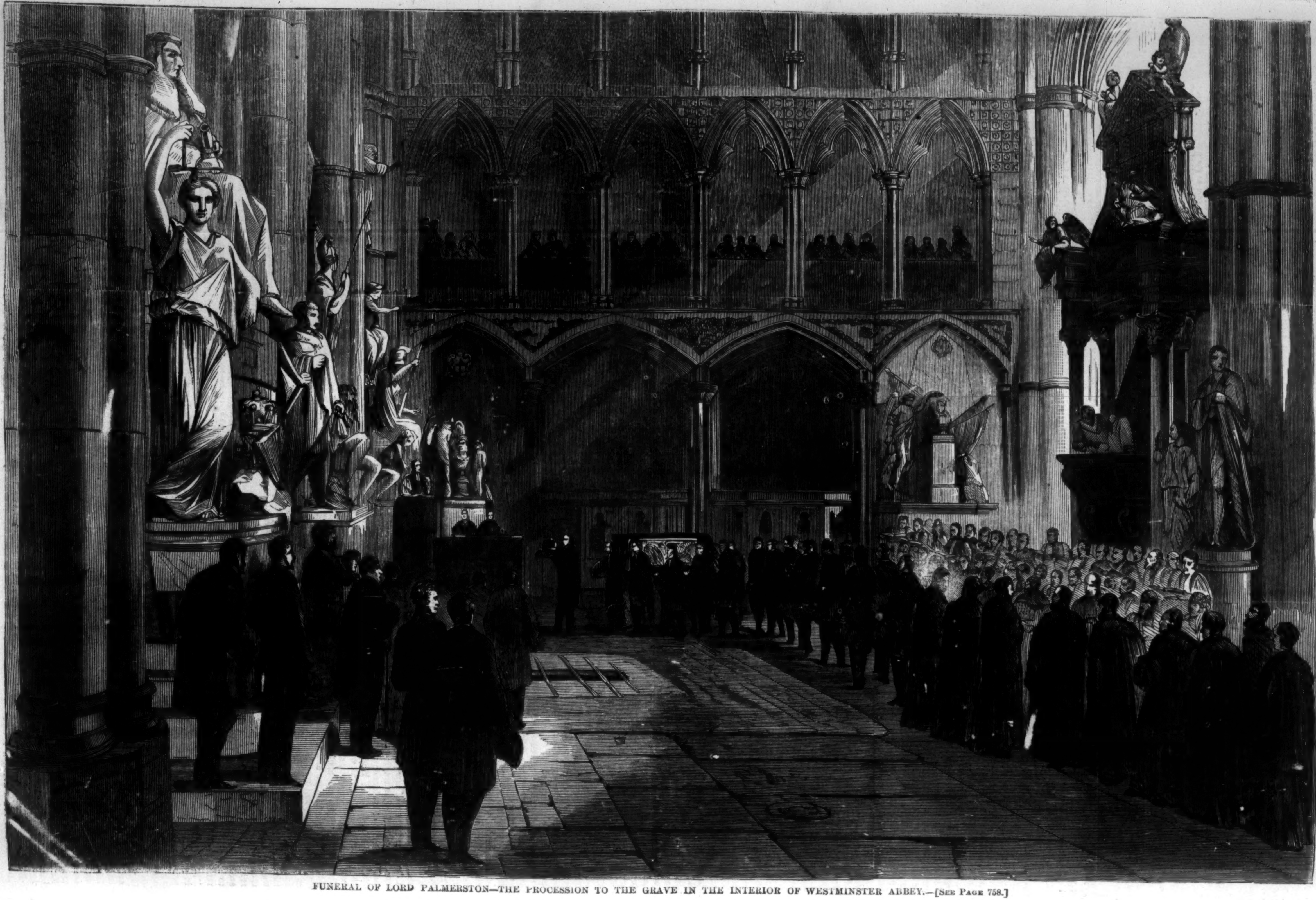
We have some additional details of the progress of the siege of the Port Cape Haytien. It appears that the rebel Haytien fleet had succeeded in running down and capturing a Geffrard steamer, on board of which it was believed was President Geffrard. When about to take possession of the prize the *Bull Dog* hove in sight and claimed that the vessel was a British mail packet. Right of search was denied the Haytien commander, and he was compelled to abandon his prize and return, closely followed by the *Bull Dog*, to the harbor of Cape Haytien. On reaching the harbor the *Bull Dog* attempted to communicate with the town; but her boats were refused permission to land by Salnave, commander of the Haytien rebels. Several Haytiens, concealed in the office of the British Consul, were seized by Salnave as hostages for the delivery of the captured vessel. To resent this insult Captain Wake, of the *Bull Dog*, opened fire on the town without warning, and bombarded the forts and batteries and the Haytien fleet. In an effort to run down the *Voldroque*, a Haytien vessel, the *Bull Dog* got aground. Here she fought all day, sinking the *Voldroque* and a schooner by well directed shots, but was unable to extricate herself from her perilous position.

There has been no actual fighting as yet between Spain and Chili. The Spanish Admiral, Pareja, still maintains the blockade of several Chilian ports, though in a rather inefficient manner. To offset this the President of the republic has opened thirty-six new ports, at which importation and exportation are to be permitted free of all duties. Pareja has not yet bombarded any Chilian town, but still threatens to do so. The Chilians are determined to resist the Spanish demands to the last, and continue their war preparations. A special commission has recently arrived at Washington from the Government of Chili.

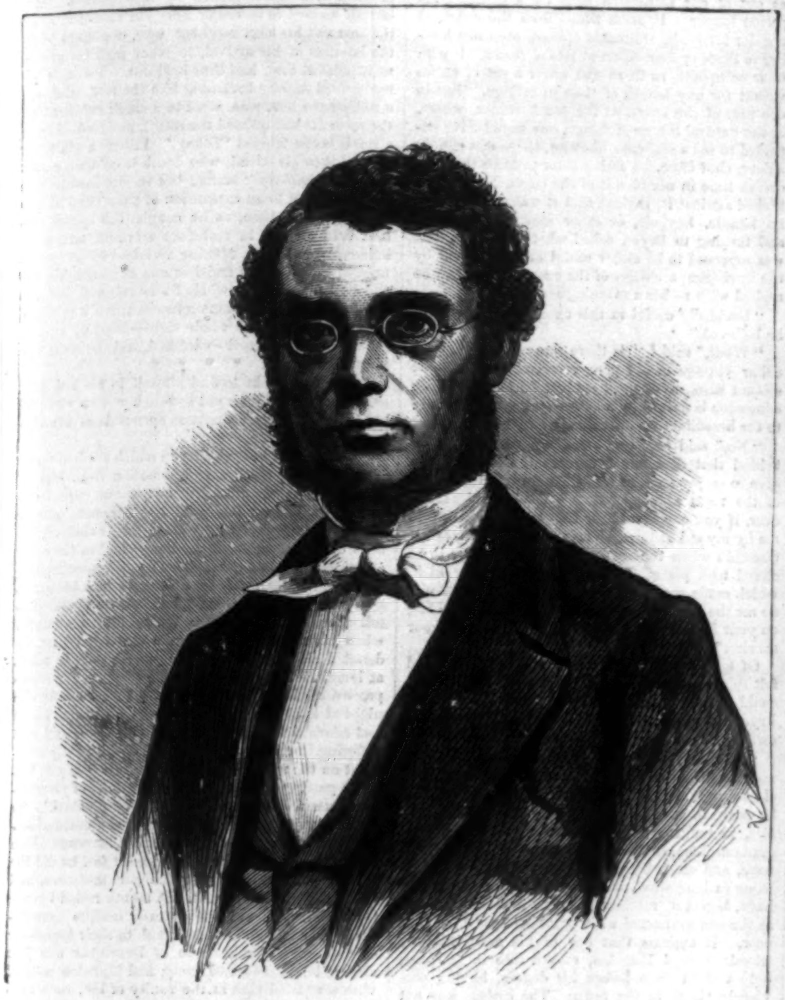
In Peru the struggle between the Government and revolutionary forces has not yet terminated; but it is thought that a decisive battle must soon be fought, as the latter, about 10,000 in number, have marched to the vicinity of the capital, and must either fight or starve. President Pezet has left Lima to assume command of the government troops. There have been two new revolutions in the States of Cundinamarca and Cauca, in both of which the revolutionists seem to have got the worst of the contest. From the other South and Central American republics there is nothing of particular importance.

The Americo-Russian Telegraph Expedition has arrived at Petropaulowski, in Siberia, and reports favorable, rapid, and uninterrupted progress of the work of girdling the world by a telegraph across Behring Straits.

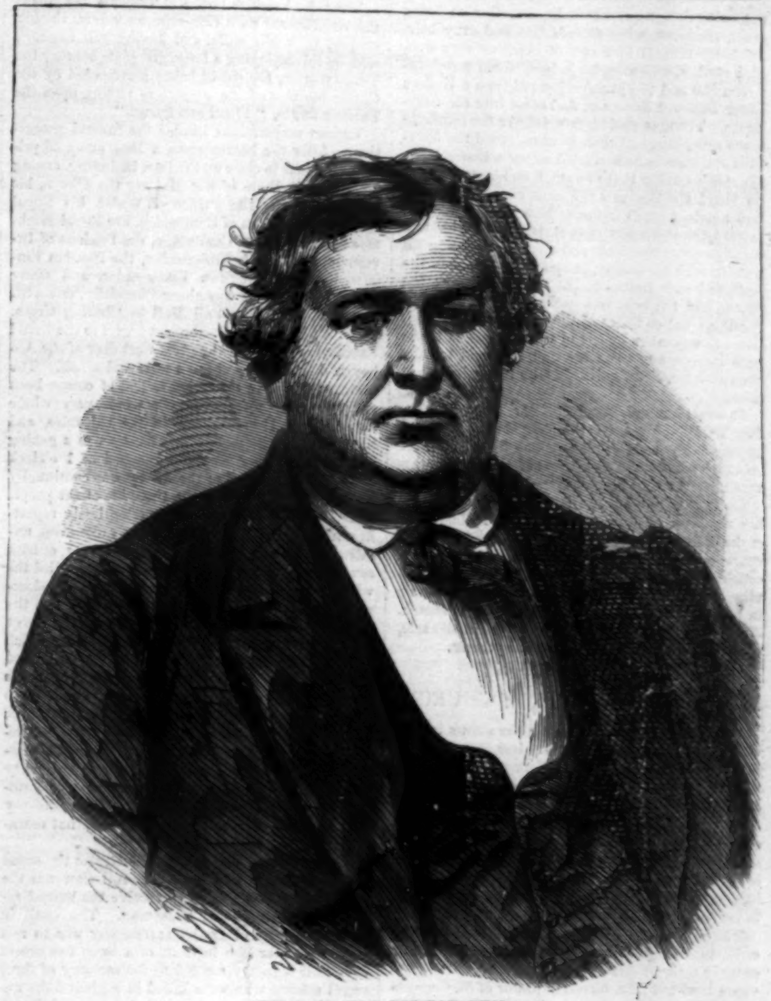
The town of French St. Pierre, Miquelon, off Newfoundland, was destroyed by fire on the 5th. One hundred and twenty houses were burned. Loss 4,000,000 francs.



FUNERAL OF LORD PALMERSTON—THE PROCESSION TO THE GRAVE IN THE INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—[See Page 758.]



REV. GEORGE W. GORDON, RINGLEADER IN THE JAMAICA RIOTS.
[Photographed by Duperly Brothers, Kingston, Jamaica.]



THE LATE HON. PRESTON KING.
[Photographed by Brady.]

THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION.

In a former issue we gave some details in our news column of the negro insurrection in Jamaica. The trouble has now been settled for the most part, and those participating in the outbreak have suffered condign punishment. As in the Fenian movement, so in this rising of the negroes in Jamaica, it is clear what must have been the motive, though it is hardly possible to find any justification. The negroes of Jamaica have not only been petted, but they have been allowed political franchise. They have been made the dupes of fanatics and would-be revolutionists, who have persuaded them that their violent uprising would result in their obtaining possession of the entire property of the island. The plot exploded before it was fully ripe, not over the whole island, but in the eastern portion, in the parish of St. Thomas.

Though the English are so ready to enter a plea for mercy in behalf of rebels against any other Government upon earth, they are most unwilling to show the least tittle of that divine quality to the infatuated wretches who dare for a moment to disturb their peace of mind. They have inaugurated a series of executions in Jamaica which have no parallel in history outside of British annals. These punishments may have been deserved, but it would be difficult to prove them to have been in all cases necessary, or even judicious. In regard to the ringleaders in the late outrages, however, there can be no doubt as to the justice of the penalty inflicted upon them. Especially is this the case with regard to the execution of George W. Gordon, whose portrait we give on page 757. Yet even here there was needless cruelty in compelling the victim to witness the execution of his confederates in crime, his own execution not being simultaneous with theirs.

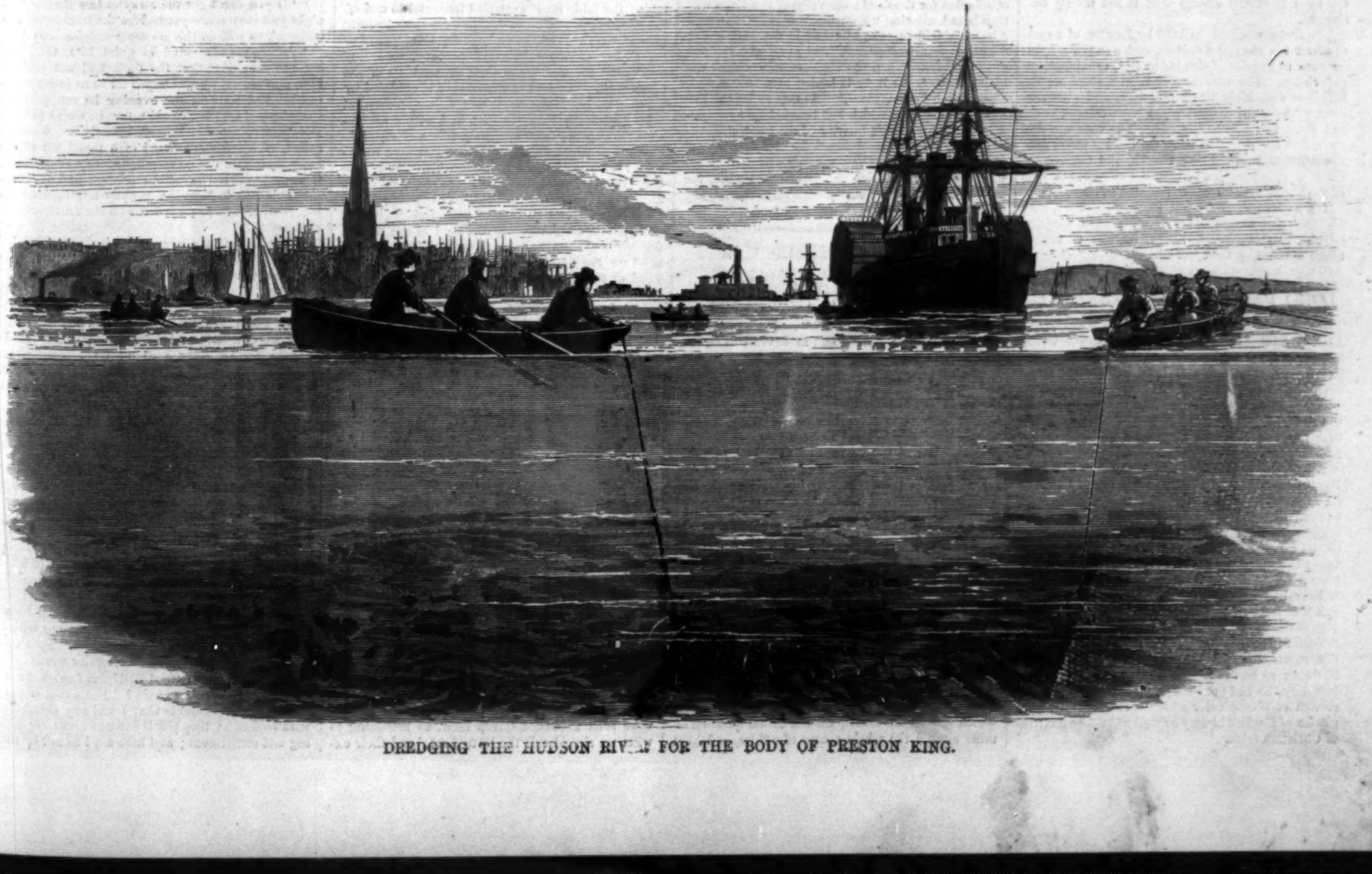
Reverend George William Gordon, the master-mind of the insurrection, was a Baptist minister, a man of wealth, nearly white, and a member of the Legislature, elected for seven years. He was executed on the 23d of October, himself and eighteen other insurgents being hanged on the same gallows. The prisoner was marched under a strong guard of the Sixth Royal Regiment to the place of execution. With an apparent firm step but a sorely-troubled mind he mounted the ladder placed beneath the centre arch of the burned court-house—the rope hanging from the same—and stood on the barrel prepared as a trap-board. Standing thereon, gazing beneath him on the loyal hearts assembled, as well as the prisoners paraded to witness the doom he so justly merited, *and on eighteen of his brothers in crime, who were hanging below.* On his arms and legs being held to be pinioned, he handed his spectacles to a sailor of the *Wolverine.* The Provost Marshal then uttered the words "sentenced to be hanged;" the order was given, "Pull away," and the traitor was launched into eternity.

THE LATE HON. PRESTON KING.

Under the influence of insanity the Hon. Preston King, Collector of the port of New York, terminated his life by drowning on the morning of November 13. For some days Mr. King had suffered from mental derangement, of which he was himself well aware, and had been attended by a young relative on that account. It was not the first attack of the kind, though more serious than any previous one. His illness was probably due to the cares and responsibilities connected with his position, which upon an uncommonly sensitive temperament had more than their ordinary effect.

There was a degree of method in Mr. King's actions on the morning of his death which proves conclusively that deliberation is consistent with insanity. He arose before his attendant was awake, and leaving his room at the Astor House, was not again seen by his friends. His absence gave rise to the most painful conjectures, which were in the course of the day only too surely confirmed. From sources unknown it was ascertained Mr. King had in the morning jumped from the deck of the Hoboken ferry-boat *Paterson*, and had perished before he could be rescued.

Mr. B. G. Campbell, ferrymaster, who was on duty in the Christopher Street ferry-house on Monday morning, declares that at a few minutes before



DREDGING THE HUDSON RIVER FOR THE BODY OF PRESTON KING.

nine o'clock a man, whom he describes as being stout, thick-set, with smooth face and gray hair, genteelly dressed in a suit of black or very dark blue clothes, and who, he judges, would weigh between 250 and 275 pounds, jumped from a Hudson River Railroad horse car, and came into the ferry-house. The man paid his fare, asked a few commonplace questions, and then went on board the ferry-boat *Paterson*, which started a few minutes later. He states further that two small children who were on board the boat saw the same man, when about two hundred yards from the New York side, walk toward the stern of the boat, take off his hat and set it down on the deck, and then, while closing his nostrils with his fingers, jump from the stern of the boat and sink immediately. The boys gave the alarm, and the boat was backed up as quickly as possible; but no traces of the man could be found. The hat was taken by one of the boat hands to the superintendent of the ferry company, and by him shown to Mr. King's friends, who recognized it at once.

It was afterward found that Mr. King had before his appearance on the ferry-boat purchased twenty-five pounds of shot, which he had secured about his person, and which prevented his reappearance after the fatal plunge.

Up to the time of this writing Mr. King's body has not been recovered. We give an illustration of the dredging process, showing the machine in its course over the bottom of the river. This machine consists of a cable to which a large number of grappling-hooks are attached, and is dragged by parties in boats, against the tide, as shown in our sketch. After dragging for some distance against the tide, the boats drift back and resume the process.

BURNING OF DR. TYNG'S CHURCH.

It frequently happens that a fire occurs in this city involving greater pecuniary loss than was suffered in the destruction of St. George's Church, November 14, but seldom has the city sustained the loss of a more tasteful specimen of architecture.

The occasion of the fire, which we illustrate on our first page, was the careless use of a furnace in making repairs in the roof of the church. The fire broke out first in the roof, and was observed at about half past two o'clock P.M. In an hour the roof had fallen in and the edifice was a complete ruin.

The church of St. George, situated at the corner of East Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place, was entirely completed in 1859 by the efforts of the Reverend Doctor Tyng, formerly pastor of St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street. The cost of the building and ground together was $250,000, the towers of the church alone costing $70,000. The style of architecture was of the Byzantine order, employing the rounded arch. The architect is Mr. Eidlitz, who has since then designed the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Though his original plans were not strictly adhered to, he yet gave to the vestry of St. George's perhaps the most symmetrical and imposing specimen of church architecture in New York. The façade of the building, which yet remains entire, and hardly discolored by the flames, included a triple-arch portico, a row of small windows above, and a large rose window, which cost $2000. The towers projected slightly in advance of the façade, and were—as they still are—surmounted by the finest spires in the city, with the solitary exception of Trinity Church.

The ruins present an impressive spectacle, the towers and spires still standing. There are also singular evidences of the freaks of fire. For instance, high up on the north wall there are still several handsome foliated ornaments quite unhurt by the heat; and the pulpit is preserved, at least in outlines, for though charred and disfigured, it still remains, with the tiny wooden balustrade still around it. This is the only combustible object in the interior of the church that is not utterly destroyed.

The organ was built in 1853 by Erben, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, and was the second instrument in point of size in the city, ranking next to Trinity. The case was of light stained wood, fifty-four feet high, thirty-six wide, and nineteen deep. The central front pipes were colored blue, and those to the side silvered. The case was depressed in the centre to allow the light of the façade rose-window to enter the church, and the organ-front, as seen from the body of the church, was one of the handsomest sights of the kind in existence.

Dr. Tyng was present at the conflagration, and although his congregation is more than wealthy enough to rebuild the church, he was of course much affected by the spectacle.

LORD PALMERSTON'S FUNERAL.

Lord Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey October 27. The funeral pageant would have lost much of its pomp if the original design had been carried out, and Lord Palmerston had been buried in the family vault at Romsey. This vault, indeed, had been already opened when, by the express desire of the Queen, it was arranged that the late Minister should be interred in the Abbey.

All parties united to honor the memory of Lord Palmerston. And although his name had not, like that of Peel or Cobden, been connected with any particular measure for the benefit of the working-classes, the latter participated to a great degree in the general expression of national grief. This being the universal state of feeling, it would have been a severe disappointment to all the Londoners if they had been deprived of the opportunity of greeting with silent observance the funeral procession of the most popular of English statesmen; and it would have seemed to the whole country a sort of derogation from the respect due to his great office if, dying as he did in the actual possession of the Ministry, he had not been buried in that venerable church of Westminster which is consecrated to the glories of English history as well as to the sanctities of Christian faith.

The coffin in which Lord Palmerston was buried was one covered with rich crimson velvet, thickly studded with gilt nails, and having gilt handles, with its lid displaying a large gilt plate bearing the Temple arms, the shield being surrounded by the Garter motto, and the supporters resting upon the Temple motto, "Flecti non frangi."

Various corporations headed the funeral procession. After the hearse came a long array of private carriages to close up the line, including, among many others, those of her Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, the French Embassador, the Russian Embassador, the American Embassador, and many others. The route was along Piccadilly, down St. James Street, along Pall Mall to Charing Cross, down Whitehall and Parliament Street to the Broad Sanctuary in front of the great west door of the Abbey, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half. The ordinary traffic in these streets had of course been stopped. The side-pavements were every where crowded; at the windows, in the balconies, and sometimes on the roofs of the houses was a gazing multitude. The Abbey was reached at 1 o'clock P.M. The great bell of the Abbey was continually tolling, and summoning the thoughts of the people to the stern fact of death, ever relentlessly repeating, like a fatal monosyllable, the same deep, unmistakable tone. Several thousand persons, of both sexes, of all ages, and of different classes, filled the whole available space, and saw the proudly-decorated hearse stop at the Abbey door; they saw the crimson coffin lifted out and covered with that large black and white pall of velvet and satin, which some of the most illustrious men in England stood ready to bear. The central part of the floor of the nave was kept clear and open for the procession to pass up from the west door to the transept, but the side aisles were filled with a closely-packed congregation, all dressed in black, among whom the nearest to the coffin, as it was borne along, were thirty or forty of Lord Palmerston's servants and farm-laborers, with some of his tenants from Romsey and elsewhere, who had come to London that morning on purpose to attend the funeral.

Our engraving on page 756 illustrates the scene in the interior of the Abbey. In full view was the narrow grave which was to receive the mortal remains of the departed statesman. The vault in which the body of Lord Palmerston was to rest was opened for him in front of a huge monument of marble statuary erected to the memory of three naval officers who were killed in a great fight under Admiral Rodney two years before Lord Palmerston was born. But this is properly the Statesmen's Corner; for Lord Chatham, his son William Pitt, and Charles James Fox are buried there, on the right hand of Palmerston; while Castlereagh, his early colleague, one of the authors of the Treaty of Vienna, and Wilberforce, from whom he imbibed his uncompromising hatred of the slave-trade, lie on his left hand; and his feet are close to the grave of Canning, who, more than any other statesman, contributed, by his leadership, by his maxims, and by his example, to direct the political course of the great English Minister. On the brink of the grave into which Lord Palmerston, the latest follower of these illustrious statesmen, was about to descend, his coffin was set down with reverent carefulness, while the surviving members of the Cabinet and the nearest relatives of the deceased took their stand around it. The Dean, at his reading-desk above, waited until the singers, ranged on a platform at the other side of the transept, had finished chanting those sublime sentences of the burial-service which are set to the most solemn and affecting music; and as the last notes resounded through the Abbey the coffin was lowered into the vault; the mourners, drawing jeweled rings from their fingers, cast them in—a fond token of affection for the dead; the voice of the Dean was then heard, uttering "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take to Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed," and so on with the rest of the service. Then the choir sang Handel's noble anthem, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." As this ended the soft light of a fine day, which had beamed for hours before through the vast interior of the venerable Abbey, was suddenly exchanged for the deep gloom of a passing storm. The ceremony was then closed with a benediction from the Dean; and while the "Dead March" in "Saul" pealed from the mighty organ the congregation slowly dispersed.

THE CLOSED STAIRCASE.

BY AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

I was walking up and down the cloistered court of St. Oswald's, with my friend Bryce, one evening early in the Lent Term of 185—. It was only my second term of residence, and as Bryce was on the point of taking his degree, I regarded him with a considerable amount of respect, not to say awe; for he it was who had allowed me to rub off my freshness upon him, and saved me, by many a timely hint, from several of the errors and *gaucheries* incidental to the uninitiated in undergraduate life. I had fagged for him at school, and the mutual friendship once begun there, and interrupted for a space of three years by his residence in the University, had now sprung up again more warmly than ever. And now, meeting again after the vacation, which he had spent in hard reading in his college rooms, there was the usual comparing of notes on every conceivable subject, slipping by imperceptible gradations from skating to politics, from politics to theology, and thence round again (taking in the origin of evil, and the intermediate state of existence by the way), to the chances that so-and-so had of obtaining the vacant university scholarship. At last it seemed as if we had pretty well exhausted every thing "conversable;" the current of our talk flowed in a shallower and still shallower stream, and we were on the point of separating for the night, which was far advanced, when a casual question of mine altered the whole course of affairs, and kept us out of our respective beds for a considerable period longer. It arose thus: from the court, at regular intervals, staircases opened, each one leading to three or four different sets of rooms, all with their occupants, as there was never a set of rooms vacant for any length of time in college. But in one part of the court, at the south corner, where, in the natural course of things, one would have expected to see a staircase likewise, there was simply a door, shut close. Passing it for perhaps the hundredth time in our circuit of the court, I carelessly kicked against it, noticed that it was fast, and had no handle, keyhole, or other means of opening; and turning to Bryce, asked whether a sham door was supposed to be either useful or ornamental by the intelligent architect of the court. To which he replied with rather a meaning smile:

"Decidedly useful in this case, if tradition is to be believed."

"What," said I, "is there some special and peculiar vintage of old port, reserved for the most solemn carouses of most ancient fellows, to which admission is gained by a secret spring, known only to the hereditary and inviolable butler?"

"No," said he, laughing. "Bottles, if any be behind that door, must deserve the *sobriquet* we give to empty ones, as we roll them into the corner of the room at supper-time—'dead men.' However, if you choose to hear the story as it was told me by my old Tutor, who was a junior fellow of St. Oswald's when the events causing that door to be closed took place" (here he gave it another kick, which made me cold to my toes), "and if you will do me the justice to believe that I am not practicing on your ingenuous innocence, I am entirely at your service."

Of course I gladly assented, and though I had felt so sleepy five minutes since, at that moment I could have warranted to keep awake for a week. Bryce started off with the story, which I give in his own words as far as I can remember them:

"I think I came up here better initiated than most men in the lore of the university, owing to old Johnson, who spent at least half the time when he ought to have been polishing up my Greek Iambics, in reciting thrilling tales of his own undergraduate life; striking, undoubtedly, most of them were, and much better fun than composing a dialogue (a long way) after Sophocles; none of them have, however, retained so firm a hold on my mind as the one connected with, or rather sealed by, that door. It appears that one of his most intimate friends, named Marsden, moved into those rooms only a short time before his degree, having previously 'kept' in the town. The college was not so full then as now; many other colleges, which have now sunk into comparative insignificance by the side of St. Oswald's, were then competitors with it in point of numbers; and he chose these rooms as being in a quiet and retired corner of the court, where he might adventure that often repeated, but generally unsuccessful, experiment of making up for three years' laziness by three months' reading. He had got comfortably settled in the rooms, and had begun carefully to parcel out the day, as is the custom of reading men, into slabs of study, meals, and exercise. One evening, it was the 15th of November, 179- (he had every reason to recollect the date), he was returning home, rather later than usual, having been detained at his 'coach's' rooms over an unusually refractory and hysterical Greek chorus, when he noticed in ascending the stairs to his rooms an unusual illumination in the sitting-room. Not being sure whether he might not have left his candles burning, or whether his bed-maker, who was not averse to brandy, had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion, and was an unwilling holocaust on his hearth, he hurried up and in, when a most remarkable sight presented itself. The room was brilliantly lighted by wax candles, fixed in sconces against the wall and in massive candelabra, evidently old college plate, which were set on the table; the table itself extended from end to end of the apartment, and on each side were seated young men in the dress of the end of the seventeenth or early part of the eighteenth century, carousing much after the manner of their descendants of the nineteenth. The post of chairman was occupied by a remarkably handsome young fellow, somewhat older apparently than the rest, and with a countenance which bore unmistakable traces of dissolute living, and who seemed every now and then troubled by some unpleasant thought which clouded his brow, though he was the life of the party, and seemed to be continually firing off fresh witticisms to keep them going. But still his mind was evidently not there; he kept glancing at the door as though expecting some one to enter; and now Marsden noticed for the first time that the seat on the right hand of the host was vacant. No sooner had he noticed this (for he stood at his own door spell-bound, but with every faculty save that of speech at its extremest tension) than the seat was filled, and filled by a fair young man, whose boyish and innocent cast of features strangely contrasted with that of the head of the table. Over the face of this latter, as the youth entered, there seemed to pass a malicious smile, as he lifted his glass and pledged the new-comer. While this was going on Marsden was not conscious of *hearing* any sound, nay, by a sort of double sense, while kept alive to the quasi-reality of the scene before him, he could see, as in a shadowy back-ground, *his own books*, surmounted by his own bust of Plato, which looked far more ghost-like than the ghostly banqueters.

"And now the drinking seemed to become fierce; the youth on the right hand, who at first refused wine, was yielding to the polite entreaties of his next neighbor (who again and again motioned to the servants to replenish his glass) and was gradually becoming flushed and heated. The whole company appeared to get disorderly, healths were drunk with great rapidity, and all the well-known accompaniments of undergraduate suppers in their most advanced stage, seemed to be taking place; and just at this time Marsden noticed that the countenances of all the others, with the exception of the fair guest, were such as would stamp them as belonging to what we should call the 'worst set;' and their expression was not improved by intoxication. At last all seemed to be either asleep or maudlin, save the host and his next neighbor, who, doubtless from the lateness of his arrival, together with his abstemiousness at first, had thus held out. But now he too seemed rapidly becoming like the rest, when on a sudden the host rose, went to a small cabinet (for the servants had quitted the room), and took thence a small bottle labeled 'Tokay.' Filling a glass, he handed it to his friend, who drank it off with a sort of foolish, half-tipsy smile; but in one instant the smile changed to an expression of pain, then to one of horror, and then, as he caught the eye of the host fired on him in malicious triumph, to one of indescribable hate. Making a violent effort to rise from his chair, and a fruitless one to clench his fist and strike his foe, his whole frame relaxed, and fell forward; and at the same moment there was a hideous groan, and the whole sight—supper, guests, poisoner, and poisoned—vanished, and the room was in utter darkness. * * * *

"Marsden awoke to find himself in his bed, diligently attended by his old bed-maker, who was giving him and herself alternate spoonfuls of brandy-and-water.

"The state of insensibility in which she had found him, required, alas! no explanation from him in her eyes, as it was not a very uncommon experience of hers to discover her 'young gentlemen,' one or more of them, prone on the floor, rather than on the beds, of their apartments on her arrival in the early mornings, and had she sought for or expected any account, Marsden was by no means in a humor to give one. At first, indeed, he made up his mind to tell nobody, and of course, ten minutes afterward, when his friend Johnson came into his rooms, he detailed his strange vision of the preceding night at length. Sad to say, Johnson's countenance expressed the belief that Marsden had returned for one night at least to the somewhat reckless orgies which had adorned his early terms of residence, and was suffering in consequence thereof, and his only comment on the story was, 'My dear fellow, if you *will* go on getting drunk up to the threshold of your degree, you will most undoubtedly be plucked.' So Marsden said no more, and merely contenting himself with writing a brief abstract of that scene which he himself knew not how to account for, he did the most sensible thing under the circumstances, and tried to forget all about it. A month rolled by, the term waned, all but a few steady readers were departing, or had already departed, to their homes for Christmas. The fifteenth of December was just closing in, gloomy and damp, and Marsden settled, with a wearied sigh at the vanity of life, such as is not uncommon at two-and-twenty, to his books. Wonderful to relate, he got interested, and several hours flew by without his relaxing his attention. However, on looking at his watch, and seeeing it close on midnight, he was drowsily determining to go to bed, when on a sudden his whole room seemed to become illuminated. He was at the time standing at an upright desk for reading in one corner of his room, and instantly faced about. To his horror and astonishment he beheld the same scene already described, of the supper and the poisoning, re-enacted in every particular. * * * *

"'We shall get you better soon, old boy,' said Johnson to him, as he bent over him about a fortnight after the above date; 'but you have succeeded in reading yourself into a brain-fever, and may consider yourself lucky that you have escaped with no worse consequences than temporary baldness and the appetite of an ostrich.'

"Marsden replied by two questions:

"'What day of the month is it? and when can I be moved?'

"'It is the second of January, and in about a fortnight's time we may get you away from here.'

"To Johnson's surprise, and almost alarm, Marsden sprang up, or rather half sprang up, in bed, and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"'If you don't get me away in less than a fortnight you may spare yourselves the trouble, for the undertakers will do the job more satisfactorily.'

"Johnson endeavored to quiet him, thinking, not unreasonably, that the fever had not yet left him, and indeed he was worse for some hours afterward. But later in the evening he repeated the story he had told to my old tutor six weeks before; and Johnson sensibly informed the doctor, when he called, of his friend's dread of a repetition of the same scenes on the corresponding day of January, if he were suffered to remain so long; and with considerable risk to Marsden, happily unattended with bad results, he was moved out on the fourteenth of that month.

"The rooms have never since been occupied."

"Well," said I, as Bryce paused here, "had no one the courage to brave the spectral symposium?"

"Yes," said he, "the next night Johnson made a point of sitting up in the rooms, but he unfortunately had taken so much in the way of gentle stimulants to nerve him for the expected terrors that he awoke, after a somewhat uncomfortable slumber, at four o'clock in the morning of the 16th to find himself in profound darkness, and with a violent cold in the head."

"But," said I again, "was no explanation ever offered of the extraordinary scene of which Marsden was witness?"

"Only this," replied Bryce; "some weeks afterward, when he was slowly recruiting his health at his father's house in Leicestershire, he found among a bundle of old papers in a disused room, a strange confession of an ancestor of his, whom he had heard of as a wild fast liver, who had suddenly sobered down, gone abroad, and turned monk, but of whose history but little was known. The manuscript contained a very ordinary account of love and jealousy, induced by a handsome young rival in the affections of a certain young lady, ending with an obscure vow of vengeance against him. Then came a blank, and afterward these singular words:

"'Nov. 16, 169-: Good God! am I to go through that horrible evening again? Not a soul but myself knows or suspects that I had any thing to do with *his* death: they put it down to excessive drinking and excitement; and here am I forced by some frightful fate to commit the same ghastly crime in spirit as each fifteenth day of the month comes round! Forgive me, O God!—but I know it can not be. I must carry about a living hell within me till I die!' Here the MS. ceased abruptly. Whether its contents were intended to be made known by the unhappy man (who before the end of the year had quitted England forever), or to be left in obscurity, it is impossible to say. At any rate, the narrative was not found till the time I mention, and I need hardly say materially retarded Marsden's recovery. He was never able to ascertain whether the vision had appeared to others before his time, or whether, as a descendant of the murderer, he had been specially favored in the matter. Nobody else ever repeated the experiment, which failed in Johnson's case, for the story came to the Master's ears, and as the rooms occupied by Marsden were not particularly convenient or particularly wanted, and as he had a great dislike, as he said, to further addling the brains of undergraduate members of the college by any additional distraction, he caused the door you see at the bottom of the staircase to be fixed firmly in its place; and it hasn't, as far as I am aware, occurred to any succeeding college authorities to have it opened since. But I do not despair of a *séance* being held there yet, as there are one or two of the junior fellows who believe in that sort of thing—and in nothing else. But come," concluded Bryce, "I ought to have been in bed hours ago, so, if my fire has not hopelessly subsided, we will contrive a small jug of 'Bishop' before we turn in."

THE MERCHANT'S STORY.

As my story will be a very short one, I will commence at once, without any unnecessary introduction—plunge *in medias res*, which I suppose is Latin for "make your running from the jump," and first forcibly uttered by some sharp fellow who despised the Greek chorus and the Italian recitative. I have commenced life twice—once when I went into business on my own account, and the second time when I got married. I don't count my entrance into the world, disliking introductions, as I said before.

Ten years ago I got married. Nice little creature, my wife! Brown hair—golden, as the poets would say, but, being a matter-of-fact business man, I deem it my duty, as a decent citizen, to protest against all poets, past and present; therefore I say distinctly—*brown* hair! I must confess, however, that it was very pretty, and fell in wavy masses over her face (well, perhaps I can admit the poetry in this case, with the proviso that it is not to be considered a precedent); and when the sun shone upon it it was pure gold—not a merchantable article—not one that would have been quoted in the price-current—but something to wonder at, and make even a vagabond artist a sensible man, by forcing him to admit that such hues mocked his utmost skill. She was a prudent little creature my wife, quiet, and of a stature that could have been stated only by inches, as one could never say she was so many *feet* high. Perhaps if I suggest Titania's Court, and herself as one of the smallest of the fairy ring who took to the shelter of violets in a storm, I should convey something like the fancies that used to cross my mind, in a vagrant way, when I caught a glimpse of her occasionally before our marriage. I am not admitting here the respectability of poets, but stating a plain matter of fact.

She was an orphan, and lived under the sway of Tippoo Saib in petticoats, a step-mother. I don't know how she made up her mind to marry me, as I was so entirely matter-of-fact; but I have a faint recollection of one day asking her to take a walk with me, which pedestrian feat terminated at a church-door, through which we passed *two* people, and came out *one*—demonstrating that the days of sorcery had not entirely vanished. It is not at all pertinent to the story to say that she had a brother who was my intimate friend; that he was an artist, poor, and lived principally upon dreams; that I loaned him a sum of money—a purely business transaction, as I took his note of hand for it; that he was a delicate creature, that he fell into a consumption, wasted away, and vanished like one of his own cloud-dreams; that I watched with him by night, and buried him at last under the wild-flowers. Poor fellow! In the world's estimation he would have been a great man if he had lived. He was better than that in mine—a good man, honest and true; and when he died he grasped my hand, looked at his little sister, who was silently weeping over him, and gave me a glance which plainly said, "Take care of her; she will be alone in the world, with no companion but bitter memories!" I believe this accounts for the fact that not many months afterward Alice and I walked quietly to the church.

Alice believed that I was desperately in love with her, but being a mere matter-of-fact business man, I must maintain that the idea was a pure impossibility. Every one will readily admit, when I state that I was in the Queen's ware, glass, and porcelain line, the supposition to have been grossly improbable, to say the least. However, married we were: left Tippoo Saib to her solitude—a sovereign without subjects; went to housekeeping in a nice little cottage, where we still live, and as all stories end, or should end, with a marriage, I might end mine here, excepting for the fact that, from a correct point of view, the story would be too short—to say nothing of its being slightly deficient in point, plot, situations, adventures, characters, and incidents, and not at all a business-like transaction.

Alice was an economical little creature, and having known poverty, was continually gazing at a mental landscape, the principal feature being a steep declivity at the foot of which stood a forbidding-looking alms-house. Nothing during the first year of our marriage could dispel the illusion that this was to be the terminus of my mercantile career; a sacrifice of the household furniture, and a permanent imprisonment in the establishment especially provided for reckless paupers. My little wife, however, fought stoutly against this foreshadowed horror, and kept wakeful watch and ward over those insidious marauders, the household expenditures; while the solitary servant received lectures, in a quiet way, such as would have doubtless astonished and confounded Adam Smith himself. I can safely say that nothing was wasted except on beggars, and they flocked to the house in regiments and battalions. Professional beggars they were, every one of them, farmed out upon the public by some Italian or other vagabond foreigner. I dislike beggars myself. It's not a business-like way of getting a living. I don't object to feeding the hungry—in fact, I protest energetically against any suffering of the kind. No one can attend to business on an empty stomach; but, as I pay my taxes, I am opposed to the city fathers allowing a set of vagabonds making a trade of begging, and extracting sixpences from the unprotected females of the community through a recital of fictitious sorrows. A firm belief in the outrageous romances invented by these ragged harpies was an unhappy weakness with Alice, whose sympathies were always instantaneously awakened at the first whine of a sturdy mendicant. The moment one of these impostors made his appearance the alms-house was forgotten, and away went the savings of economical housekeeping. Her liberality in this respect was so startling that I was obliged to put a stop to it at last by borrowing all her silver change on the pretext of requiring it in my business, with the additional check of cutting off further supplies. I was compelled to succumb, however, as I couldn't stand Alice's tears, which "she gave to misery," being "all she had" (see another of the disreputable poets); so fearing that the drawing-room would float away on "endless weeping," I gave up, furnished the supplies, and tacitly encouraged the impostors—one of the most unbusiness-like transactions I was ever engaged in.

One of the consequences of this morbid dread of poverty entertained by Alice in our early marriage life was a persistence, on her part, of indulging in a species of practical economy the point of which I could not be brought to see. She would insist on the advisability of making her purchases of dresses and such woman gear from peddlers—a race of people who no doubt descended from the Wandering Jew. The most obnoxious specimen of the race who constantly haunted the premises was an old Teutonic female, the possessor of a weazen face, an unearthly grin, and a Babelish tongue, equal to confounding the Father of Lies in person. She generally made her appearance with a huge white bundle on her back, suggesting the startling supposition that she had arrived from plundering some summer-deserted mansion, and had bolted with every thing she could lay her hands on, including a white Marseilles bed-quilt, which always surrounded the mysterious stock in trade. I objected to this female; but it wasn't of the slightest use, as I was convinced, after a short argument, that my objections being based upon a profound ignorance of the whole subject were frivolous and unreasonable. In fact I was so completely subdued that, a short time subsequent to my ignominious defeat, I found myself wearing some execrable socks once a portion of the contents of the white bundle, which, like Pilgrim's, seemed constantly glued to the old woman's back. It is my opinion she slept on it.

There was one class of these wandering vendors from whose inflictions I considered myself safe. I felt confident that Alice would never exhibit that almost universal weakness of her sex shown in a disposition to be fascinated by the tempting bargains offered by dealers in vases, cut-glass bottles, etc.—those peripatetic vagabonds who *don't* want money, but *do* want old clothes. My confidence in this respect was based upon the fact that I myself was supposed to understand the value of such merchandise. The history of sieges shows, however, that it is the unguarded strong point which often falls before the attacks of an insidious foe. Some irreverent Frenchman has traced a parallel in this respect between a fortress and a woman; I shall not quote the pithy apothegm which precedes his fanciful comparison, for the best of all possible reasons, I have forgotten its exact phrase, and all who are ignorant of the French language will no doubt lift up their hands in thankfulness. I shall content myself with the statement, however, that the parallel I have referred to was suddenly brought to my mind in the most unexpected manner only to convince me of its solemn truth.

I was sitting one morning near the front-door of my establishment, reading the morning paper, when I was conscious of a shadow darkening the doorway. Looking up I saw standing on the threshold a Jew vendor of Bohemian glass-ware and distorted statuettes. His keen eye had detected a flaw in two small red vases exhibited in the shop window, which he had instantly determined to purchase for the ultimate benefit of some unsuspicious mortal of the gentler sex. I sold them for a trifle; the Jew placed them in his basket, went on his way, and I saw him no more forever. I regret to say that I heard of him afterward.

On returning home to dinner the first objects that struck my eye, and filled my soul with direful misgivings, were a pair of red vases. I stood at a distance, and glared at them with something of the same feeling of the tragedian who doubts the evidence of his senses when he beholds the dagger in the air. By a strong effort I managed to approach the fire-place. The illusion vanished at the sense of touch! On the mantle-piece stoically stood the blood-red vases I had parted with to the Jew, and I knew in my heart that if the cost of an article was a test of its worth, I was then gazing at my most expensive chattels.

I was aroused from this mental inventory of my suddenly-acquired wealth by the opening of the door, where a gleam of sunshine irradiated the room with the entrance of golden hair. Alice was elated; joy beamed in her eye; a laugh, which seemed to be the precursor of some delightful intelligence, rang through the room, and my imagination beheld the visionary alms-house demolished as if a whirlwind had scattered it forever. "Are they not pretty?" said she, taking down the diabolical vases, and holding them up for critical examination.

"Very!" I ejaculated; and having by a wonderful effort recovered my equanimity, I asked, in a business-like way, what the lovely articles had cost.

"Oh! nothing at all, my dear, or almost nothing; and that is the wonderful part of the whole bargain! I could not conceive that such beautiful articles could be bought with old, worn-out clothing. You know the box of old boots in the wood-shed?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave them, and an old shawl of mine—which was almost spoiled, you know, Harry; and my black delaine dress, which I thought I shouldn't wear any more; and two pair of your old black pantaloons, and two old vests, and—I believe that's all. But, bless me, Harry, you know what I gave for the vases was mere rubbish, and I was so glad to get it out of the house!"

"Of course, Alice," I returned, "the articles you gave the poor man were perfectly worthless; but I should be sorry to think you imposed upon him."

Shadows fell down; the sunlight waned.

"Ah! Harry, I hope you don't think so! Perhaps the poor man had a family to support; and if I thought he lost money by selling the vases to me I don't think I could ever look upon them again with pleasure. Oh dear! I begin to have some misgivings; for now I look again at the vases they must have cost a great deal of money."

"Let me see;—here is a memorandum I have made, and in order to set your mind perfectly at rest, my dear Alice, I will read it to you, and you will know what they have cost *you*, at least:

6 pair of boots, all intended to be footed, tops valued at $2 per pair, the same being the amount allowed by the boot-maker	$12 00
1 pair of new black pants	15 00
1 pair old do. do.	3 00
2 vests	4 00
Female gear of uncertain value—at a rough estimate say	5 00
Total price of vases, taking a proper and business-like view of the transaction	$39 00
(Alice's face alarmingly long.)	
Value of vases	$00 50
Sold by myself this morning at half past nine o'clock, having my shop-mark upon them——"	

Business-like statement suddenly cut short by Alice, who dropped both vases from her hands, said vases making a crash and two basketfuls of fragments; Alice herself bursting into a long, terribly-prolonged "Oh-h-h!" accompanied by an alarming shower of tears.

Finale.—Obliged to take Alice on my knee, kiss and pet her (an extremely unbusiness-like proceeding!) until the shower cleared up, and the golden hair flashed sunlight again on the parlor wall.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The English papers as well as we are complaining of the extravagant prices charged for the common necessaries of life. It is really a serious matter; and we may gravely ask the questions which a London rhymster *jocosely* puts:

"What shall we do for meat,
If this much longer last?
Its price, as well we know,
Each day is rising fast.
Whence shall we get our milk?
In blank despair we mutter;
And oh!—terrific thought—
From whence shall we get butter?"

Careful housekeepers are in despair. They pore over their market bills, and sigh for the days gone by when good roast beef was fourteen cents a pound, butter twenty, and sixteen fresh eggs could be got for a couple of shillings; when they could have their pick of celery at ten cents a bunch; when potatoes were forty cents a bushel; and other vegetables to make up a nice dinner cost a mere song. Alas! those days are past. The lady who is ambitious to have her tabl supplied with good, substantial food, and yet desirous to keep domestic expenditure within reasonable bounds, finds the two things utterly incompatible. Beef is enormously high, but so is lamb and mutton; poultry is worse still; eggs cost a fortune—one would suppose them a foreign luxury. Apples! why one would find it cheaper to eat oranges; and as for milk, it is always *rising*, though we never get the "*top of the pan!*" Nothing is cheap, and our good lady grows reckless and demands unlimited sums of money from her husband. It is well if he understands the case. But if he does not, most likely some sage suggestions in regard to "economy" will be given before the money is.

"Well, what shall I economize in?" demands the wife. Husband looks thoughtful, and suggests eggs and sugar. A bright thought comes to the wife, and she says:

"Very well, we will commence with sugar. It won't be hard for you—you can do as this man did;" and she reads from the newspaper she has just laid on the table:

"A man down East, on account of the high price of sugar, has attempted to sweeten his coffee with his wife's smiles—"

She slyly looks up; the husband's brows are unbent, and he is curiously shaking his head. She continues:

"—but he has concluded to fall back on the granulated juice of the cane."

The desired money is forthcoming.

Reliable recipes are always serviceable to housekeepers. But some of the most absurd ones are circulated in the newspapers. For example:

Soda Gingerbread.—Two quarts of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tea-spoonful of soda, three cups of butter, four of sugar, *one of yellow ginger*, and milk enough to make a stiff paste to roll very thin.

We wonder what sort of ginger that might be, of which a *cupful* would be a desirable addition to any thing eatable? Yet similar recipes, evidently *untried* ones, are constantly offered as good. Nowadays, when eggs are at a premium, some of our lady readers may like to try the following recipe. By observing directions, a cake is produced, the like of which we have eaten, and *know* to be nice.

Sponge Cake.—Beat three eggs, yolks and whites together, two minutes; add a cup and a half of sugar, and beat five minutes; one cup of flour, with a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, and beat two minutes; half a cup of cold water, with half a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in it, and beat one minute. Flavor to suit the taste, add a little salt, and another cup of flour, and beat one minute. Observe the time exactly, and bake in a rather deep cake-pan.

In one of our daily papers, not long since, appeared the following item, which some of our readers will "*take*:"

The Quarantine Removed to the Heart of the City.—One of our country cousins who had heard fearful stories of the cholera in New York, was greatly alarmed yesterday in walking down Broadway, near Eighth Street, and remarked to his companion that he had no idea our Quarantine was in the heart of the city.

"Quarantine in the heart of the city? What put that fancy into your brain?"

"Why, don't you see that?" inquired the frightened bucolicist, and pointed to a sign over their heads.

His companion looked up and read, in large letters stretched over the sidewalk, "Staten Island Dyeing Establishment."

The ruralist's apprehension was natural. If that sign does not mean Quarantine, what does it mean?

All the autumn this famous Dyeing Establishment has been thronged with fair customers, bringing their dresses, shawls, cloaks, etc., to be renovated; and very impatient have they become on finding that, under the new arrangement, their pretty things must be in *Quarantine eighteen days* before they can get them again! It is very vexatious, to be sure!

A glance through the poetical columns of many of our magazines and newspapers gives one a vivid notion of the sensational and often senseless character of much that goes under the name of poetry. And when it is remembered that reams of high-flown poetical breathings, too choice for the public eye, are reserved for the perusal of a favored few in editorial rooms the following analysis may not be deemed unjust:

A Richmond paper gives as the material of some of the modern poetry the following: 200 loud-mouthed cannon; 2500 whistling bullets; 150 pounds glistening steel; 2 tons of battle-field smoke; 500 prancing and neighing steeds; 300 beautiful maidens, assorted; 250 gallant youths; 10 broken hearts; 75 raven tresses, various lengths; 50 auburn tresses, various lengths; 175 stars, twinkling and blinking; 120 blue eyes, finest quality; 100 black eyes, of uncommon brightness; 1 hogshead of tears; 1000 sighs, deep and affecting; 10 dozen gleaming swords; 110 waving flags and streaming banners; 1 idea, supposed to be new; 1 grain common sense.

Ladies will not object (nor gentlemen either, we fancy) to some agreeable modifications in the style of dressing the hair. The large *chignon* which has been so universally worn during the last two years is likely to be dethroned. In its place sometimes the hair at the back is rolled round the finger so as to form five large curls, which are pinned at each end in straight lines down the back of the head, and thus made to form a curled *chignon*.

Plaited *chignons* are also to be seen, and many of these are finished off at the top with a row of little curls instead of a comb. One of the favorite modes of dressing the hair is called the Empress of Austria style; it consists altogether of eight plaits; one is worn as a coronet across the head, two behind the ears, and five at the back. It is thus the beautiful Empress of Austria has her hair arranged—hence the name.

Those ladies who adopt this latter style will be interested in the fact that the Empress of Austria is one of the most beautiful of the European princesses, and famed for her kindness of temper, notwithstanding her rather haughty bearing. She is tall, slender, graceful, with a very white skin, a good deal of color, large, limpid blue eyes, and an amazing head of light hair, which she wears in eight massive braids, wound round and round her head, forming a magnificent diadem of hair, such as very few women could match from their own resources. She is also said to be highly accomplished. She speaks all the principal tongues of Europe, and is particularly fond of the English language, which she speaks perfectly as though it were her native dialect. She is an excellent musician, paints and draws extremely well, and is one of the boldest and most skillful horsewomen of Austria. She possesses a stud of very valuable horses, and a pack of splendid hounds; and she is said to take the warmest interest in the racing and hunting of all Europe, and to know by heart the names of the heroes of the turf, biped, and quadruped, of all the countries of Europe.

A new woolen dress material, "poplinette," has been introduced in Paris and London this season; yet that will not prevent linseys from again entering the lists of fashion. And really, linseys are so comfortable, so durable and lady-like, that they will not be readily abandoned. This year, however, they are made finer and less heavy, the cumbersomeness of those of former years being their chief objection. Some linseys are made extremely fine, unspeckled, and in the gayest shades; others, with broad black stripes at considerable intervals, upon a gray ground, are of the newest patterns both for petticoats or dresses, or petticoats and dresses *en suite*. Some of them have also braiding patterns, worked by machinery in black silk on the borders, and require no extra trimming.

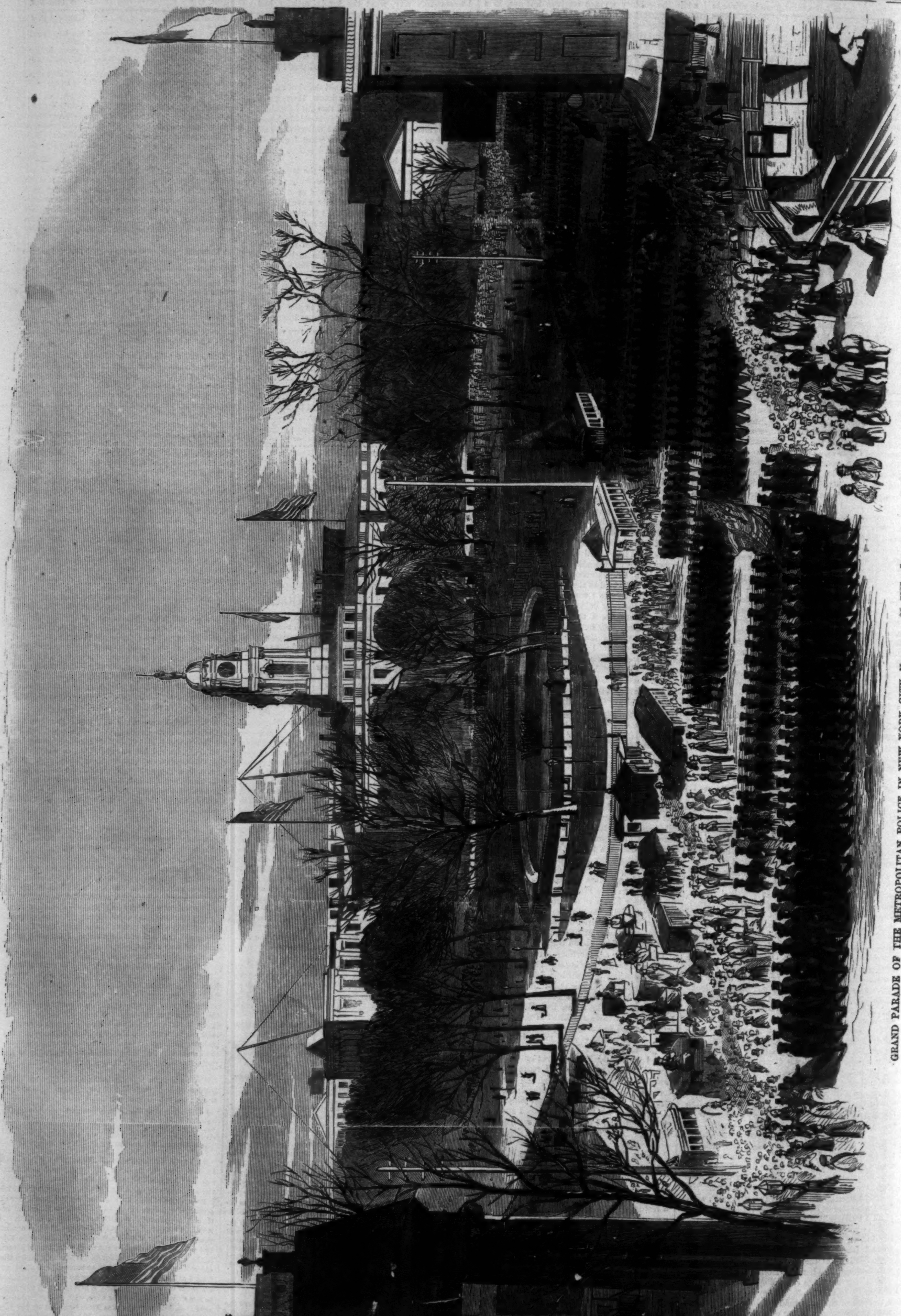
Double skirts are once more in favor, but they are not cut straight round as formerly; the line of the upper skirt rises in accordance with the sweep of the train below, and the under skirt differs in color or in shade from the upper. The body may be made with a vest and waistcoat, in which case the waistcoat is of the same shade as the under skirt, the vest resembling the upper. Black and violet, or black and any bright color that suits the fancy, may be thus contrasted; or a dark and light shade of the same color would make up well together.

A very pretty winter suit for a little girl is made with a plain linsey skirt, waistcoat vest, and, for outdoor wear, a double-breasted Scarborough jacket, *en suite*. These Scarborough jackets, which are worn by ladies as well as children, have paved the way for the introduction of an article in every respect resembling a gentleman's frock-coat, except that the basque is more ample. It fits the figure, is made in gentleman's cloth, of a dark blue knotted kind, is double-breasted, has black velvet *revers* and pockets, and large buttons. In fact a young lady thus attired could only be distinguished from her brother by the "crinoline continuations," and perhaps the bonnet.

We do not know whether the following clipping from a London paper is indicative of the "progress of the age" or not; but it is suggestive!

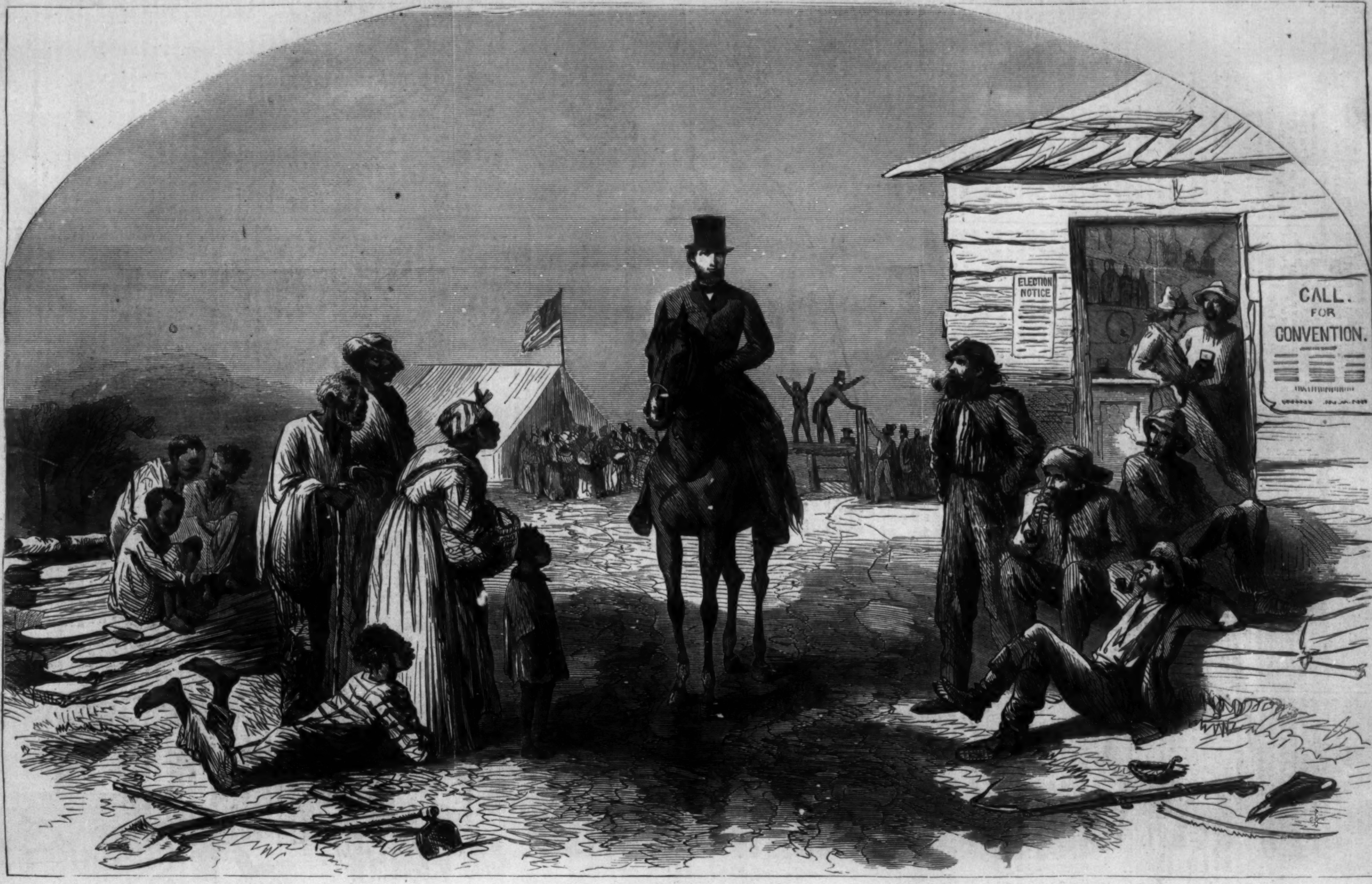
"If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly—"I won't wait, but I'll come for you!" The gentleman returned at ten o'clock precisely.

At Yeovil, England, about 50,000 persons are employed in glove-making. In itself this employment is not unhealthy; but the ill-ventilated and overcrowded rooms, the long hours required, and the stooping posture which is naturally assumed, have induced a great prevalence of pulmonary disease. Recent investigations show that little children are made to work a cruel length of time. It is quite a common thing for the children at eight or nine years old to labor from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M. But even this, bad as it is, is exceeded by the cruel extortions of parents in the case of their own children. It was ascertained that one child at Yeovil had worked at home all one night, and from 6 or 7 A.M. to 11 or 12 P.M., or for sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. A girl at Yeovil who began to sew gloves before she was nine, with four or five others, says that, although she was kindly treated by her mistress, her health broke down. Her eyes were weakened, so that sometimes she could not see, and her side hurt her. She worked from 6 A.M. to 8 and 9 P.M.—fourteen or fifteen hours.



GRAND PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE IN NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 16, 1865.—SKETCHED AND DRAWN BY J. R. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.



EX-SLAVES.
"Why, Master, we's gwine to draw." "Draw what?" "Draw rations, Sir."

INQUIRING STRANGER.
"Well, now the war is over, what are you people going to do for a living?"

EX-DOMINANT RACE.
"I reckon we'll run—" "Run! After what?" "O! we'll run for offices of some sort—Congress, Legislature, Constables, or Notary Public, or any thing!"

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE PARADE.

WE give on page 760 an illustration of the grand parade of the Metropolitan Police, which took place in this city November 17. The Police force, eleven hundred strong, paraded through the principal streets of the city, and were reviewed by Governor FENTON at the Battery, and by the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn at the City Hall.

The procession was formed under the direction of Captain COPELAND, of the Broadway squad, who handed them over to Superintendent KENNEDY. The body was formed into four battalions, of eight companies each, at half distance. Among those present at the Battery were Inspectors CARPENTER and LEONARD, together with Inspector FOLKE of Brooklyn; also JOHN HURTZ, Chief of the Boston Police, and Captains MYERS, WITCOMB, MORRILL, CHURCHILL, KINEY, TAYLOR, and HOUGH, of the same force. The gathering also included a number of officers and soldiers from the different military stations, who seemed to take a great interest in the marshaling of the Metropolitans. The procession comprised twenty-six captains, sixty-two sergeants, one thousand and sixty-two patrolmen from New York, and one hundred and twenty from Brooklyn.

The men looked well, and executed their manœuvres with much precision. The column was headed by DODSWORTH's brass band and a mounted escort. At the conclusion of the review by Governor FENTON, which took place at the Battery, the procession moved up Broadway and through Park Row to the City Hall, where a marching salute was paid to the Mayor and the heads of departments.

From the City Hall the column marched up Broadway—saluting TIFFANY & Co., the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and the Commissioners of Emigration at the Metropolitan Hotel—to Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, up Fourth Avenue to Twenty-sixth Street, through Twenty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, and down Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, where the men were dismissed.

A marching salute was paid to the Governor at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and to MOSES TAYLOR at his residence in Fifth Avenue.

The thoroughfares through which the procession marched were lined with spectators. The parade was the finest ever made in this country by a police force, both for numbers and the appearance of the men, and reflected much credit upon the department. The men were fine looking; their uniforms were handsome and their marching was admirable.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE CRY OF THE CHIÙ.

THEIR path lay down by the shore, and the sun was low before they reached the house of which they were in search. It was a large, rambling, half-ruinous place, with the discolored plaster all scaling away from the walls; an old stone trough standing out in the road close by, and bundles of stored hay and straw sticking out through the shutterless windows of the basement story. A few half-starved oxen were lying about on the scant sward behind the house; a cock strutted on the dunghill before the door; and two sickly-looking women plied their distaffs under the shade of a vine in a crazy little pergoletta, overlooking the sea.

These women dropped their work with alacrity when accosted by Lord Castletowers, and hastened to provide the travelers with such poor fare as the place afforded. And it was poor enough: an omelet, a loaf of rye bread, a plate of salted fish, and a little fruit, was all they had to offer; but Saxon and Castletowers had not fasted all day for nothing. They feasted as heartily as if their table had been spread in the best hotel in Naples, and emptied a bottle of the thinnest country wine with as keen a gusto as if it had been "long imprisoned Cœcuban" or "fiery Falernian."

When at length they had eaten and drunk and were satisfied, and had recompensed the good woman of the house for their hospitality, it was quite dusk—the magical dusk of an early autumn evening in south Italy, when the earth is folded to rest in a deep and tender gloom which scarcely seems like night, and the grass is alight with glow-worms, and the air kindling with fire-flies, and the sky one vast mosaic of stars.

The difficult part of their undertaking was now at hand. Even in traversing the coast-road between the podere and that point where their boat lay moored, they had to exercise all the discretion of which they were masters. It was important that they should neither attract, nor seem to avoid, observation. They had to tread lightly, without risking the appearance of caution; to walk neither slow nor fast; to avail themselves of the shelter of every rock, and wall, and bush along the road, and yet not to seem as if they were creeping in the shade; and, above all, to keep open eyes and ears, and silent tongues, for fear of surprise.

Going along thus, they soon left the solitary podere behind. There was no moon; but the darkness was strangely transparent, and the mountainous outlines of the twin islands, Ischia and Procida, were distinctly visible on the far horizon. Where the languid sea just glided to the shore a shifting phosphorescent gleam faintly came and went upon the margin of the sands; and presently, lying a little off, with her sails all furled like the folded wings of a sleeping bird, the *Albula* came dimly into sight.

They paused. All was profoundly quiet. Scarce a breath disturbed the perfect stillness of sea and shore. Now and then a faint shiver seemed to run through the tall reeds down by the water's-edge; but that was all. Had a pebble fallen, the young men must have heard it where they stood.

"I don't believe there's a living soul on this beach but ourselves," whispered Saxon.

"Heaven grant it!" replied the Earl in the same tone.

"What shall we do next?"

"I think we can not do better than go down to the boat, and there lie in readiness for whatever may happen."

They found the boat just where they had left it six or seven hours before, and their sailor lying in it at full length, fast asleep. Without rousing him, they crouched down in the shelter of the reeds, and waited.

"You have your revolver, Trefalden?" whispered the Earl.

"Yes, in my hand."

"And you can pull an oar if necessary?"

"Of course."

The Earl sighed, impatiently.

"This cursed arm," said he, "renders me more helpless than a woman. Hush! did you hear a footstep on the sand?"

"No; I heard nothing."

"Listen."

They listened breathlessly; but all was still, like death.

"There is something awful in the silence," said Saxon.

"I wish to Heaven we knew what the signal would be," muttered the Earl.

And then they lay a long time without speaking or moving.

"I feel as if my limbs were ossifying," whispered the Earl by-and-by.

"And I never longed so much in my life to do something noisy," replied Saxon. "I am at this moment possessed by an almost irresistible impulse to shout 'Viva Garibaldi!' Hush! what's that?"

It was a faint, plaintive, distant cry, like nothing that the mountaineer had ever heard before; but the Earl recognized it immediately.

"It is only the chiù," said he.

"The what?"

"The chiù—a little summer owl common throughout Italy. I almost wonder we have not heard it before; though, to be sure, the season is somewhat advanced."

"The creature has an unearthly note," said Saxon. "There, I heard it again!"

"It seems to be coming this way," said Castletowers.

He had scarcely spoken when the melancholy call floated toward them for the third time. Saxon dropped his hand suddenly upon his friend's shoulder.

"That is no owl's cry," he whispered. "It is a human voice. I would stake my life on it."

"No, no."

"I tell you, yes. It is the signal."

The Earl would not believe it; but Saxon imitated the note, and it was echoed immediately.

"There," said he, "I told you so!"

"Nonsense; all owls will do that. I have made them answer me hundreds of times."

But Saxon pointed eagerly forward.

"Look!" he said; "look, close under that wall yonder. Don't you see something moving?"

The Earl stared into the darkness as if he would pierce through it.

"I think I do," he replied; "a something—a shadow!"

"Shall we not show ourselves?"

"Suppose it is a sentry!"

"Try the cry again."

Saxon tried the cry again, and again it was promptly echoed. He immediately roused the sleeping seaman, and stepped out cautiously beyond the shelter of the reeds.

As he did so the shadow under the wall became stationary.

Then he listened, advanced a few paces, treading so lightly and swiftly that the sand scarcely grated under his feet; and, having traversed about half the intermediate distance, came to a halt.

He had no sooner halted than the shadow was seen to move again, and steal a few yards nearer.

And now Saxon, watching the approaching form with eyes trained to darkness and distance, was struck with a sudden conviction that it was not Colonna. As this doubt flashed through his mind the shadow stopped again, and a low, distinct, penetrating whisper came to him on the air:

"Chi è?"

To which Saxon, quick as thought, replied: "Montecuculi."

Instantly the shadow lifted its head, cried aloud, "Chiù! chiù! chiù!" three times in succession, and, leaving the gloom of the wall, came running up to Saxon where he stood. It was not Colonna, but a slight, active boy, clad in some kind of loose blouse.

"All's well," he said, in Italian. "Where is your boat?"

"Close at hand."

"Is all ready?"

"All."

"Quick, then! He will be here instantly."

They ran to the boat. The lad jumped in, the sailor grasped his oars, Castletowers kept watch, and Saxon stood ready to shove off.

Then followed a moment of anxious suspense.

Suddenly the sharp, stinging report of a rifle rang through the silence. The boy uttered a half-suppressed cry, and made as if he would fling himself from the boat; but Saxon, with rough kindness, thrust him back.

"You young fool!" said he, authoritatively, "sit still."

At the same moment they beheld the gleam of a distant torch, heard a rush of rapid footfalls on the beach, and saw a man running down wildly toward the sea.

Saxon darted out to meet him.

"Courage!" he cried. "This way."

But the fugitive, instead of following, staggered and stood still.

"I can not," he gasped. "I am exhausted. Save yourselves."

A tossing fire of torches was now visible not a couple of hundred yards away, in the direction of Cumæ, and more than one bullet came whistling over the heads of those on the beach.

In the mean while Saxon had taken Colonna up bodily in his arms, and strode with him to the boat, like a young giant.

As he did this a yell of discovery broke from the lips of the pursuers. On they came, firing and shouting tumultuously; but only in time to see the boat shoved off, and to find a broad gap of salt-water between themselves and their prey.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted Saxon, firing his revolver triumphantly in their faces.

But the lad in the blouse snatched it from his hand.

"Give me the pistol," he said, "and help with the oars. How can we tell that they have no boat at hand?"

The boy now spoke in English, but Saxon scarcely noticed that in the overwhelming excitement of the moment. The voice, however, sounded strangely familiar, and had a ring of authority in it that commanded obedience. Saxon relinquished the weapon instantly, and flung himself upon his oars. The boy, heedless of the bullets that came pattering into the water all about their wake, leaned over the gunwale and discharged the whole round of cartridges. The soldiers on the beach, looking gaunt and shadowy by the waving torch-light, fired a parting volley. In the mean while the boat bounded forward under the double impulse, and in a few more seconds they were, if not beyond range, at all events beyond aim in the darkness.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SAIL.

PULLING swiftly and strongly, the rowers threw a fierce energy into their work that soon left the reedy shore far enough behind. Each moment the glare of the torch-light grew fainter on the shore. Each moment the hull of the *Albula* seemed to become bigger and blacker. In the mean while no one spoke. The boy, having fired out all Saxon's cartridges, crept to Colonna's side, and there crouched silently. The Italian had sunk exhausted in the bottom of the boat, and lay with his head and shoulders leaning up against the side; Castletowers steered, and the two others bent and rose upon their oars with the precision of automatons.

Presently they shot alongside the yacht, and were hailed by the familiar voice of Saxon's honest master. Then a light flashed overhead, a rope was thrown and caught, a ladder lowered, and in a few seconds they were all on board.

"Thank Heaven, you're safe!" exclaimed Lord Castletowers, turning to Colonna, as soon as his foot touched the deck.

But the Italian leaned heavily upon his shoulder, and whispered:

"Hush! Take me below. I am wounded."

"Wounded?"

"Not so loud, I implore you—not a word here!"

"But not badly?"

"I don't know—I fear so!"

"Good God, Colonna!"

The crew were busy hauling in the boat and unfurling the sails. Even the boy and Montecuculi were doing what they could to help; for life and liberty depended now upon the speed with which they could put the yacht before what little breeze was blowing. They must get away, no matter in which direction. It was the one vital, imperative, over-ruling necessity.

Under cover of the haste and confusion on deck Lord Castletowers helped his friend down the cabin stairs, assisted him to the sofa, struck a light, and hastened to examine his wound.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Lock the door first."

Wondering somewhat at the request, the Earl obeyed. Then Colonna, with his own hands, opened the bosom of his shirt, and Castletowers saw that he was wounded just above the left breast, about an inch below the collar-bone. The spot where the ball had penetrated was surrounded by a broad purple margin; but there was very little blood, and scarcely any laceration of the flesh.

"It does not look so bad," said the Earl; "and seems scarcely to have bled at all."

"It is bleeding inwardly," replied Colonna, feebly. "Give me a little brandy."

The Earl hesitated.

"I am not sure that you ought to have it," he said.

"I must have it—I—I—"

His voice faltered, and a ghastly look came upon his pallid face.

"I will call Montecuculi," said the Earl, with a throb of sudden, undefined terror. "He understands these things better than I do."

Colonna half raised himself upon the couch.

"No, no," he gasped; "wait—wait—do not alarm—"

Then, making a desperate effort to articulate, he pointed to his throat, and fell back insensible.

At this moment some one tried the cabin door on the outside, and, finding it bolted, tapped loudly on the panels.

The Earl rushed to open it.

"Run," he cried, seeing the boy whom they had just brought off from shore; "fetch some cold water—call Signor Montecuculi! Quick—the Colonna is badly wounded, and has fainted away!"

But the lad, instead of obeying, thrust the Earl aside, uttered a piercing cry, and flung himself upon his knees beside the sofa.

"My father!" sobbed he, passionately. "Oh, my father!"

Lord Castletowers drew back, full of amazement and pity.

"Alas!" he said, in a low, tremulous tone. "Miss Colonna!"

In the mean while, those on deck were moving heaven and earth to put as many miles of sea as might be possible between the yacht and the coast. The breeze was languid and fitful; but, such as it was, they spread their sails to it, and, tacking about, made some little progress.

By degrees the shadowy outline of the hills faded away in the darkness, and shortly after midnight a brisk southwest wind sprung up, as if on purpose for their service.

All that night they ran before the breeze, making close upon fifteen knots an hour, and bearing right away for Corsica. All that night Giulio Colonna lay in the little cabin below the deck of the *Albula*, sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious, passing from fainting fit to fainting fit, and growing hourly weaker.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

"THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."

PALE, silent, unwearied, Olimpia sat beside her father's couch through all the hours of that dreary night, wiping the cold dews from his brow, bathing his wound, and watching over him with a steady composure that never faltered. Sometimes when he moaned she shuddered; but that was all.

Toward dawn the Earl beckoned Saxon quietly away, and they went up on deck. The morning was now gray above their heads, and there was no land in sight. The breeze had dropped with the dawn, and the *Albula* was again making but little way. Both sea and sky looked inexpressibly dreary.

"How does he seem now?" asked Montecuculi, hastening toward them.

The Earl shook his head.

"Sinking slowly, I fear," he replied. "The fainting fits are longer each time, and each time leave him weaker. The last endured for twenty-seven minutes, and he has not spoken since."

The Ferrareso threw up his hands despairingly.

"Dio!" he exclaimed; "that it should end thus!"

"And that it should end now," added Castletowers. "Now, when the great work is so nearly accomplished, and the hour of his reward was close at hand."

"How does the signora bear it?"

"Like a Colonna—nobly."

"I will go down and share her watch while you remain on deck. It is something to look upon him while he is yet alive."

With this the young Italian stole gently down the cabin stairs, leaving Saxon and Castletowers alone.

"Alas, Trefalden!" said the Earl, after a long silence, "this is a calamitous dawn for Italy."

"Do you not think he will live the day out?"

"I think that he is going fast. I do not expect to hear him speak again in this world. I scarcely expect to see him alive at noon."

"If we had only kept that surgeon with us one week longer!"

"Ay—if we had!"

"Poor Olimpia!"

"Poor Olimpia, indeed! I dread to think of all she has yet to suffer."

And they were silent again.

"I can not conceive what we are to do, Trefalden, when—when it is all over," said Lord Castletowers, presently.

"Nor I."

"He ought to rest with his own people; and it must be my task to convey his poor remains to Rome; but, in the mean while, what is to become of her?"

"I can escort her to England."

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You have not the time to travel slowly. You ought even now to be night and day upon the road; and, do what you will, may still be in London too late."

"Stay," replied Saxon, quickly; "I can suggest a plan. I know of two ladies—English ladies—who are now residing at Nice. My cousin knows them well; and if Miss Colonna would consent to accept their protection till such time as you had returned from Rome and could take her to Castletowers—"

"An excellent idea, Trefalden. Nothing could be better."

At this moment Montecuculi came back, anxious and agitated.

"You had better come down," he said, in a low, awe-struck tone. "I think he is dying."

"So soon!"

"Indeed, I fear it."

They went. Colonna still lay as when they saw him last, with his head supported against a pile of pillows, and a blanket thrown across his feet and knees; but it needed no second glance to see that a great change had taken place within the last half hour. A ghastly, gray hue had spread itself over his face; his eyes seemed to have sunk away into two cavernous hollows; and his very hands were livid. For two hours he had not moved hand or foot. For more than two hours he had not spoken. His heart still beat; but so feebly that its action could with difficulty be detected by the ear, and not at all by the hand. He still breathed; but the lungs did their work so languidly, and at such long intervals, that a stranger would have taken him for one quite dead. Now and then, not oftener than once in every fifteen or twenty minutes, a slight spasmodic shudder, like the momentary ruffling of still waters, passed over him as he lay; but of this, as of all else, he was profoundly unconscious.

"Has he moaned of late?" asked Lord Castletowers.

Olimpia, with one of her father's cold hands pressed between her own, and her eyes intently fixed upon his face, shook her head silently.

"Nor moved?"

She shook her head again.

After this, the Earl stood for a long while looking down upon the face of his early friend. As he did so his eyes filled with tears, and his heart with sorrowful memories—memories of days long gone by, and incidents till now forgotten. He saw himself again a boy at Colonna's knee. He remembered boyish pleasures promoted, and vacation rambles shared. He thought of classic readings under summer trees; of noble things said, and done, and hoped for; of high and heroic counsel solemnly given; of privations uncomplainingly endured; of aspirations crushed; of arduous labor unrecompensed; of a patriotism which, however mistaken in many of its aims, was as gallant and ardent as that of the noblest Roman of them all. Remembering these things—remembering, too, the open hand, the fearless heart, the unstained honor which had characterized the dying man in every relation and act of his unselfish life, the Earl felt as if he had never done justice to his virtues till this moment.

"Alas, poor Italy!" he said, aloud; and the tears that had been slowly gathering in his eyes began to fall.

But at that word—that omnipotent word which for so many years had ruled the beatings of his heart, colored his every thought, and shaped his every purpose—a kind of strange and sudden thrill swept over Colonna's face. A livid mask but the instant before, it now seemed as if lighted from within. His eyelids quivered, his lips moved, and a faint sound was audible in his throat.

"Oh, God!" cried Olimpia, flinging herself upon her knees beside him; "he is about to speak!"

The Earl held up his hand in token of silence.

At that moment the dying man opened his eyes, and a rapt, radiant, wonderful smile came upon all his face, like a glory.

"Italia!" he whispered; "Italia!"

The smile remained; but only the smile. Not the breath—not the spirit—not Giulio Colonna.

A DANGEROUS CURE.

"TOM, my dear Tom, you are mistaken—indeed you are," said Harry, with a forced laugh. "I—"

"Mistaken!" interrupted Tom; "not I, indeed. When did you ever find me mistaken? No, no; I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since—since—well, it's no good mincing the matter—since you were insane enough to marry. There, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered, easy-going fellow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, surly—"

"Tom, for goodness' sake, stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this jocose strain. I've been annoyed and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But, as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, my happiness would be complete, but—"

"But—ah! that's it, Harry; we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unburden your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private.

Harry remained thoughtful some time. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow; it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he was almost wearied out with the continual eruptions which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject would send his wife into violent hysterics, till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact, he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.

"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."

"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; "but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Now, take my advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of 'giving in,' and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by every endearing epithet under the sun, and terming yourself a brute of a husband for causing your own darling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in the future she shall reign supreme, and all kind of absurdities—*speak in a loud voice;* say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer; something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear, suggest such a thing as a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to dash a jug of cold water over her face; it has a marvelous effect of bringing hysterical people to their senses, particularly if nature has not beneficently bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to bang the street-door *loudly* after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is *seriously* aroused, and that it would take some time and great alterations in her conduct to bring you round again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequences of exciting you into a passion. Once do that and you'll have very little trouble with her afterward."

"Impossible, Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Lilian is so fragile such harsh treatment would kill her."

"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice you'll repent."

* * * * * * *

"Lilian, dear?"

Lilian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.

"Lilian!" he repeated, in a louder tone.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you startled me! What?"

"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is so long since we were there I am afraid she will think something is the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.

"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why can't you read the paper and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book if you keep interrupting me. Oh dear! what unsettled mortals men are! they never seem contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."

"But, my dear Lil, it is really a duty we owe her: I should not like her to think she is neglected."

"Oh! well, then, Harry, if you consider it such an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it mine to spend a long tedious evening with an old lady who always torments me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me recipes for some extraordinary puddings.

Harry was astounded. Was it possible that was Lilian—his wife—speaking in that disrespectful, light manner of his saint-like mother! It was more than he could put up with.

"Madam," he exclaimed, passionately, "you strangely forget of *whom* you are speaking; for the future, if you can not speak in a different strain, I beg you will be *silent*," and he looked defiantly toward the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair young face! The closed eyes, and spasmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before it burst forth in all its violence. Lilian was in hysterics stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done? Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's remedy; it had succeeded, Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? any how he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation; he must act at once. So he commenced by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his arms folded in a determined manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had ceased to alarm him; and if they continued he had made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted in an undertone, as Tom suggested, the probability of a separation. So, after dashing a glass of cold water over her and placing her under the maid's care, made his timely exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door.

"Oh! Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was soon busily employed in bathing her temples with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched!"

"Yes, ma'am, I dessay yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so low, and sinking like after one of her—let me see—'attacks,' I think she called 'em."

"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lilian, plaintively.

"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful bad with 'stericks. I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."

"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane?"

"Well, ma'am, he was for a time; but gentlemen ain't got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things. O lor! I shall never forget one day if I live to be a hundred years old. Mistress was in awful 'sterics, I bathed her head, and gave her sal volatile, and sich like, but nothing seemed to do her no good, she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden up jumped master, like a madman, and gave her, O lor! sich a shaking: it was a mercy he didn't shake the very life out of her."

"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lilian, in a frightened voice.

"Die! bless yer soul, no. 'Sterics don't kill."

"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"

"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good: she never had 'em after the shaking."

"But, Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."

"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peaceable gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worrit him, and it was more than he could abear."

"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lilian. "Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me, I'm sure. Oh! yes, I never, never could have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that—that your master would ever—shake me, do you?"

"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who—"

Lilian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities? She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She had better put an end to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.

"Jane," she said, wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone I might try and sleep a little."

When Lilian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed. She felt sure he would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching, heart-rending language that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again he must not look to her for mercy. But listen—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Lilian's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected: she thought he would have rushed in frantically, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was enough; it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there. Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no! he must have meant all he said and did; or why would he not speak now? Why look so cold and stern? Oh, that she could die! yes, that very minute. What had she now to live for? what would the future be to her?—all dark and drear.

Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in the easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lilian watched him anxiously, expecting every minute that he would show some symptoms of contrition; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Harry's heart remained hardened; at last she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer; it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state, she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him never to treat her so again.

"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice.

No answer.

"Oh! Harry, dear Harry! Do speak to me; I'm so very, very miserable."

Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.

"Well, Lilian," he said, gravely.

"Oh, Harry! if you only knew all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."

"Lilian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that you never give me cause to do so."

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Lilian, earnestly.

"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."

And Lilian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "scenes," and his home now is a perfect elysium.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RULE FOR RAILWAY TRAVELING.—"Will you allow me, Sir, to offer you a cigar?" "Thank you, but I never smoke." "Have you any objection to my lighting one, Sir?" "Oh! no, none in the least." This plan is infallible with the most Puritanical-looking fellow-traveler. Never think of putting the second question first. The production of the cigar and the generous offer are sure to disarm all crusty objections. Try it.

A dashing young bachelor lately appeared in Central Park with two handsome ponies, whose tails were done up to look like a lady's waterfall, and cooped up in small fish nets. The resemblance was capital, and the team created a great sensation.

At a jubilee meeting in Richmond, one week after its evacuation by General Lee, a colored church-member related his experience as follows: "Bredren, I'se jis one week old to-day, I bin bawn three times. Fus I was bawn accordin' to de flesh, when I come into dis world. Den I was bawn of the sperit, when I was converted. Last of all I was bawn to liberty, jis one week ago. So I'se jes a week old. I gets up every mornin' at 4 o'clock, and goes out to smell and swaller the fresh free air. Oh, it is elegant!"

A friend of ours in crossing the State of New Jersey lately, found the people all astir before sunrise. They, too, like our week-old colored friend, were enjoying the "elegant" free fresh air.

"I don't like to patronize this line," said a culprit to a hangman. "Oh, never mind this once," was the reply, "it will soon suspend its operation."

"John," screamed a country girl, seated by the side of her dull lover, "leave me alone!" John, astonished, cried, "Why, I ain't a touching yer!" "No," replied she, "but you might have done—if you liked."

"Poker Sharpe says his wife is equal to five "fulls"—beauti-ful, duti-ful, arm-ful, youth-ful, and aw-ful!

At a young lady's seminary recently, during an examination in history one of the not most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

DONE FOR.—The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled by a stitch ever since.

A wag, speaking of the cruel treatment of a child by its mother, says: "The child certainly should have the careful attention of some one, or it will be prematurely added to the kingdom of heaven, and thus, perhaps, permanently separated from its kindred."

A tall fellow, standing in the parquette of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the second circle called out, "Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!"

A very disagreeable era—the chol-era.

The Richmond *Times* says of waterfalls: "We have watched these phenomena carefully, and they have been growing larger every Sunday, and the tails of the horses of the young ladies' papas are growing smaller."

To remove stains from the character—get rich.

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion, as follows: "The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

Some of our religious exchanges tell a story about a woman being relieved from speechless grief by a hymn. We have known a number of the sex to be strongly affected and greatly benefited by hims before this.

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHING—Habits of business.

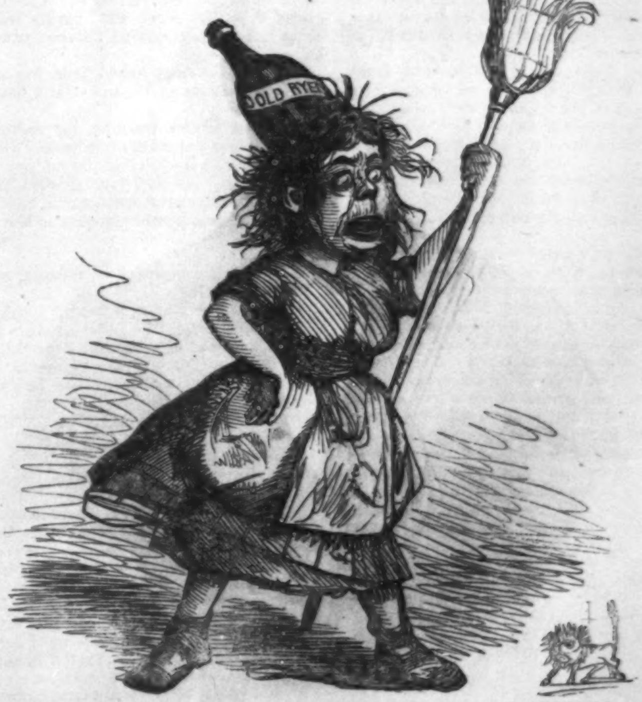
A man, being reproved for swearing, replied he did not know there was any harm in it. "No harm in it!" said a person present. "Why, don't you know the commandment, 'Swear not at all?'" "Why, I do not swear at *all*," replied he. "I only swear at those who offend me."

A good motto for young women whose beaux don't toe the mark—Double or quits.

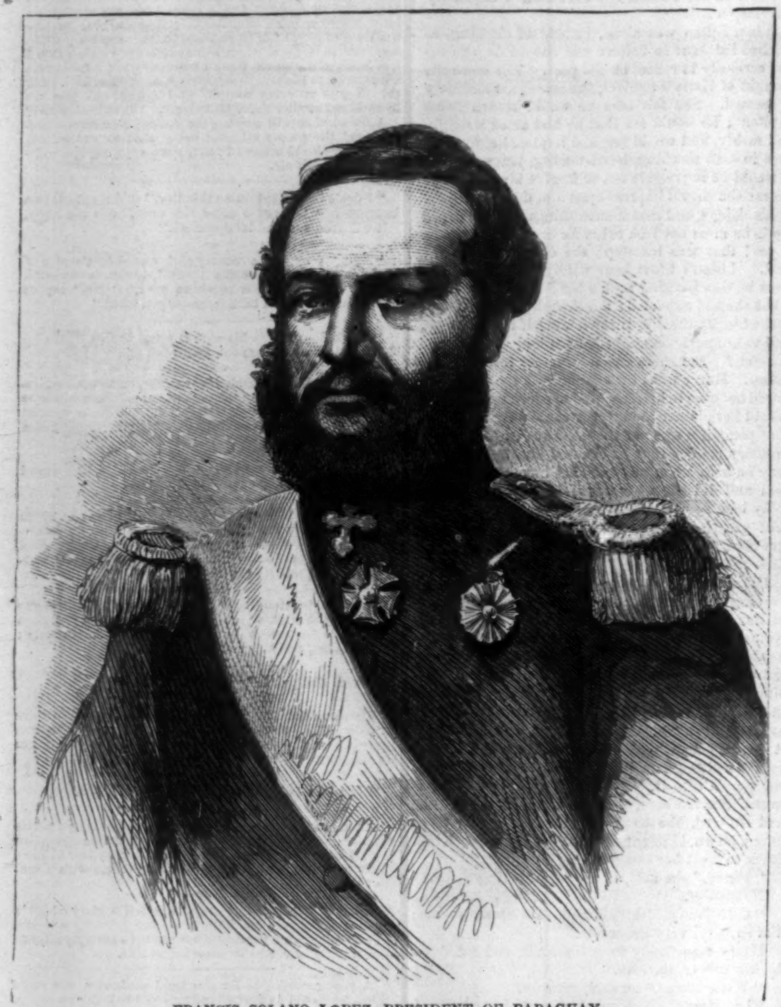
An amusing debate took place between Mr. W., a skeptic on religious matters, and a German Lutheran. The skeptic, ridiculing the truth of certain passages in the Bible, and supposing his antagonist about cornered in argument, asked him if he believed Balaam's ass ever spoke like a man. The Lutheran was silent for a moment, and then said: "Me read mit the Bible dat von Balaam beat his schackass, and she speke chust like a man. Me believes dat. Me never hear a schackass speke like a man myself, but me hear a good many man speke chust like a schackass."

It is said that "waterfalls" are prohibited by the English game-laws. The clause which applies to them runs as follows: "Netting the hare shall be punished by fine and imprisonment," etc., etc.

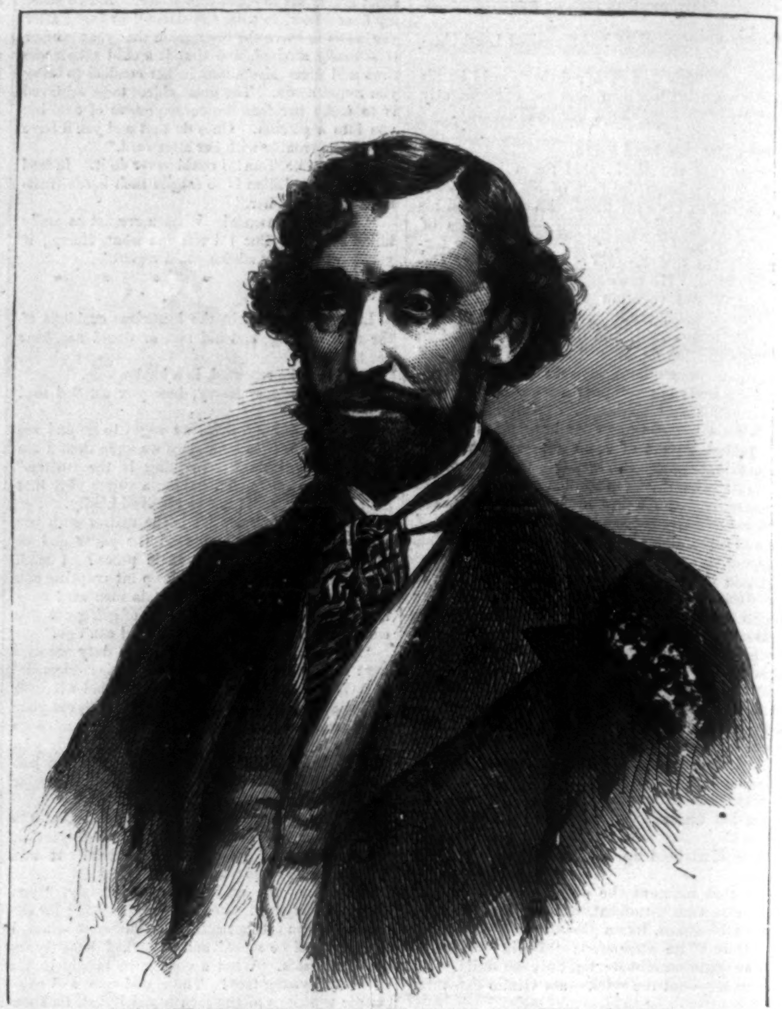
A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"



THE FENIAN JOAN OF ARC.—[BY OUR CANADIAN ARTIST.]
"Arrah, Johnny Bull, we're after yez! Whillaloo! Whist!"



FRANCIS SOLANO LOPEZ, PRESIDENT OF PARAGUAY.



GEN. BARTOLOME MITRE, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

FRANCIS S. LOPEZ,

PRESIDENT OF PARAGUAY.

On the death of his father, Charles A. Lopez, in 1862, Francis Solano Lopez became President of Paraguay—each Paraguayan President having the right to appoint his successor in case of his death before the expiration of his term. The Government of Paraguay is dictatorial, and the President wields an immense amount of power. To all intents and purposes Lopez is Paraguay. The extent of his power both naval and military is shown in the war which he is now waging with Brazil and the Argentine Republic. His subjects obey his will as that of a master from whose mandates there can be no appeal. That they can also die for him, and bravely, is shown in the sanguinary resistance offered by the Paraguayans in the Battle of Yatay under the leadership of Duarte, the warrior monk—a resistance which did not cease even after the issue of the action had been decided against them.

It now seems that Paraguay will be subdued—an event which will be followed by the disposition of her territory according to the will of her conquerors. Lopez's power will certainly be broken, whatever may become of Paraguay herself.

The value of the imports and exports of Paraguay for 1859 was estimated at over $3,000,000, the imports being somewhat in excess of the exports. The revenue of the country for the same year was $2,438,499. Paraguay has a population of nearly a million and a half.

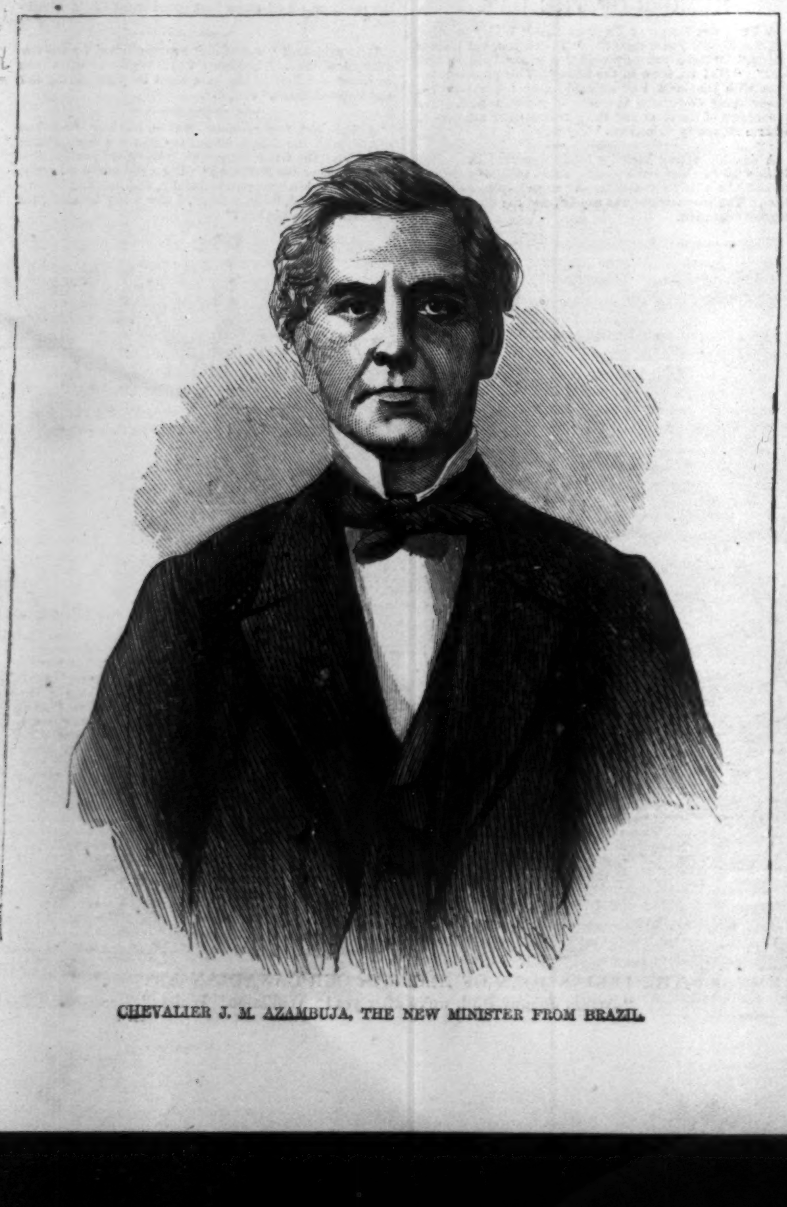
GEN. BARTOLOME MITRE,

PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

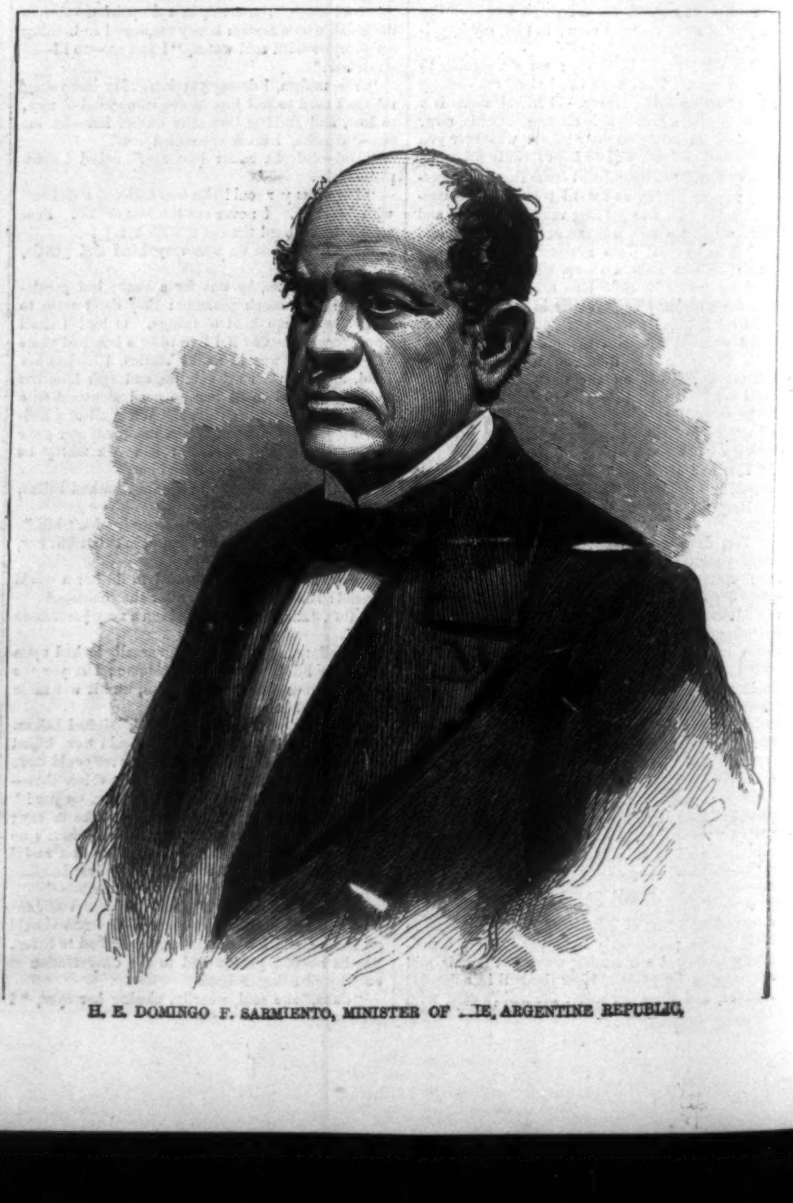
Bartolome Mitre, the President of the Argentine Republic and Commander-in-Chief of the allied Brazilian, Argentine, and Uruguayan army, is now in his forty-fourth year. He belongs to the class of "self-made men," like Lincoln, Douglas, and Johnson. General Mitre is a member of various scientific societies both in Europe and America, and is now recognized as a poet of good repute in the Spanish language. Born at Patagones, on the extreme frontier of the State of Buenos Ayres, a military post for defense against the Indians, he was compelled to make his own way. Early engaged in the war against the Dictator Rosas, Mitre was exiled to Chili, where as a periodical writer he still carried on the war. Thence he went to Bolivia and served with distinction. But upon the final uprising of Brazil and the Plate countries against the sanguinary tyranny of Rosas, Mitre returned to his country, and took a distinguished part in the victory of Caseros which overthrew Rosas.

The Government of Urquiza, which succeeded that of Rosas, was not satisfactory to the people of Buenos Ayres, who called Mitre to their head. He defended the city against two assaults of Urquiza, and in 1854 gained the decisive victory of Pavon, which secured the peace of the country, and Mitre was unanimously elected President under a liberal constitution framed upon that of the United States.

His career as a statesman has been illustrious.



CHEVALIER J. M. AZAMBUJA, THE NEW MINISTER FROM BRAZIL.



H. E. DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO, MINISTER OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

He has healed the wounds of forty years of civil war, and has fostered every kind of internal improvement, keeping the peace with all the world, until Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, indignant that the Argentine Republic would not allow the passage of his troops across her territory to attack Brazil, seized two Argentine men-of-war and marched an army into an Argentine province. There was then no alternative. Mitre signed the triple alliance between Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, and is now at the head of the allied army of 80,000 men, by far the largest force ever collected in South America. His old antagonist, General Urquiza, commands a corps in the army. At the last accounts the allied forces continued to be successful, and should final victory crown their arms no name in South American annals will be more illustrious than that of Bartolome Mitre.

CHEVALIER D'AZAMBUJA,

THE NEW MINISTER FROM BRAZIL.

In two ways has Brazil during the past year shown her willingness to enter into a closer relationship with this country. In the first place, she has just joined the United States in subsidizing a line of steamers to run between New York and Rio de Janeiro; and, secondly, the Emperor has nominated Senhor J. M. D'Azambuja to represent the largest country of South America at Washington.

In Senhor D'Azambuja's past history we have a guarantee that the United States will have a friend as well as Brazil an efficient minister. In 1838 he was a judge in the important province of San Paulo, and had then attained the degree of LL.D. In 1840 he was appointed Brazilian Secretary of Legation at Washington, and the next year he became Charge d'Affairs and Consul-General—the duties of this latter office requiring him to reside mostly in New York, where he is still remembered by many of our older citizens. In 1842 he was recalled to take the place of Chief Clerk of the State Department at Rio de Janeiro, and five years later was appointed to the responsible position of Under Secretary of State, which he has maintained through various changes of cabinets until March, 1865, when Don Pedro, in addition to other previous honors—such as conferring upon him the knighthood of the Order of Christ, making him Commander of the Order of the Rose, etc.—appointed him Brazilian Minister to Washington.

We look upon the sympathies of the Chevalier D'Azambuja for the United States, and his love for our literature, as happy auguries in respect of the future relations between the two countries. We welcome him to our shores at a time when a great social problem is being solved. Brazil has been quietly doing away with slavery by the mild process of her laws since 1850, but the complete downfall of the "institution" in our land has led the South American Empire to consider the best means to be more speedily rid of that which weighs like an incubus upon any country. We have reason to know that Senhor D'Azambuja has devoted especial attention to this subject.

H. E. DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO,

MINISTER OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Mr. Sarmiento was born in 1811 in San Juan, one of the fourteen States comprising the Republic. He has been prominent in the public affairs of his country since the age of eighteen, although part of the time an exile, while the Dictator Rosas held the government in his merciless grasp. While Mr. Sarmiento's military record is most gratifying to his friends, his chief ambition has always been to promote the education of the people, and to this cause he has given most of his life, one of the main objects of his present residence with us being to study in person the school systems of the different States. During the past six months Mr. Sarmiento has written in Spanish the Lives of Abraham Lincoln and of Horace Mann, which are now in press, and will be extensively read in all Spanish South America.

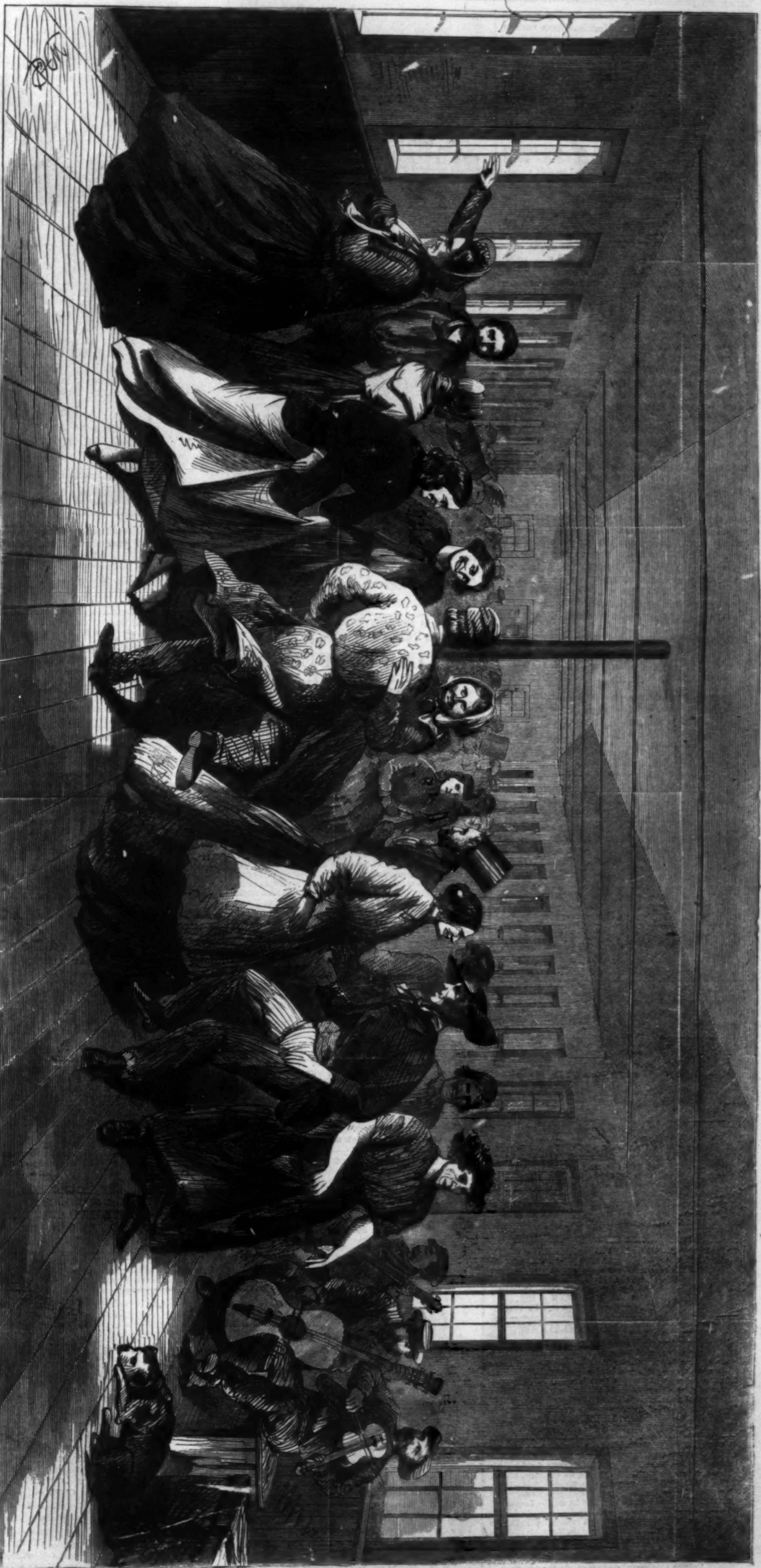
DANCING BY LUNATICS.

The Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island was the scene of a most interesting and remarkable spectacle on the night of November 6. The completion of the first of a series of four frame buildings was celebrated by a ball, in which the patients of the Asylum were the dancers, "tripping the light fantastic toe" after a fashion even more fantastic than Milton dreamed of in "L'Allegro."

The new buildings were rendered necessary by the increased population of New York city, and the consequent increase in the number of the insane. The accompanying illustration gives a fair idea of the festivities, as well as of the interior of one of the new structures. A prominent fiddler, himself a patient, is lost in ecstasy in the sounds which he produces, and in their influence upon his fellows. Every variety of "pigeon wing" is being cut by the active dancers. Now and then there darts out one who enchains the attention of all her acquaintance by her excellent execution of the most difficult *pas*. Miss Fanny L—— may be considered to have carried off the honors of the evening by her Highland Fling, Sailor's Hornpipe, and Spanish Cachuca.

The reader will have trouble in descrying beauty in any of the countenances in the sketch, and had he been present at the actual scene he would have succeeded no better. The faces are not caricatures, but good character representations. Wild action was to be expected from such a gathering; extravagant gesticulation and absurd antics were common enough, but of real impropriety there was nothing.

Occasions of this sort no doubt tend in a great degree to relieve the sluggish melancholy which too close confinement or too monotonous surroundings are apt to produce in our institutions for insane people. It is often the case that isolation renders incurable diseases of the mind which a more considerate treatment might ameliorate, or perhaps entirely relieve.



DANCING BY LUNATICS—BALL GIVEN TO THE PATIENTS OF THE INSANE ASYLUM ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK, November 6, 1865.—[Sketched by W. H. Davenport.]

Sewing Machines.—We are having a great many inquiries for Sewing Machines from various parts of the country, and as we can not conveniently reply to them all by mail, we have thought it proper to state our opinion in regard to them in this public manner. We have used Wilson's patent, manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, No. 625 Broadway, and we can say in regard to it that it is without a rival. It is simple, not easily put out of order when in proper hands, and in point of effectiveness and finish no other machine stands ahead of it. This famous Sewing Machine is highly appreciated the world over. We state this much in regard to this excellent machine upon our own responsibility.

This Company have made and sold during the last three months about 10,000 machines, and are now producing and selling 150 per day. They vary in price from $50 to $100, and the highest-priced ones sell best. In their business there is over $1,000,000 invested, and they keep 900 men regularly employed manufacturing machines. The system pursued is the same as that adopted in the manufacture of arms: every piece is made to a gauge, and consequently the parts of any machine may be transposed with those of another machine of the same size; or, should an accident occur, the broken part can be immediately replaced on application to the office.

There is not an establishment in this country, where stitching of any kind is required, in which the Sewing Machine is not employed; and there are few private families in which it is not an acknowledged article of furniture. This Company have just won the highest premium at the International Fair, Dublin, exhibiting their 200,000th machine, beautifully ornamented with the American coat-of-arms.—*Scientific American.*

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

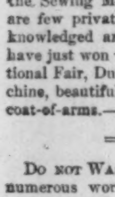
Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitation, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MATILDA TOOTS.

New Comic Song, 35c. With picture, colored	50c.
I can not Sing the Old Songs	30c.
Sunlight within my Heart	35c.
Have you seen her lately? (comic)	35c.
Soldiers' Happy Return, Mazourka	30c.
It was my Mother's Voice	35c.

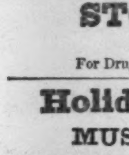
Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME,
208 Bowery, New York.



MOORE'S Patent RUBBER SCRUBBING KNUCKLE SHIELDS prevent enlargement of the hands and joints, and rubbing off the skin; *and will take out the dirt twice as fast as can be done in any other mode,* and clothes require less boiling and less soap. Price, $1 00 each, sent by mail, postpaid. Send size of hand over the second joint of the fingers. MOORE & CO.,
171 Broadway, New York.

STOECKEL'S
P. G. B. & V.
For Druggists' and Physicians' Use.

Holiday Presents.
MUSICAL BOXES,



Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from $5 50 to $600 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

HOPE.

There is yet hope for the dyspeptic. Do not despair if you *have* been unable to find relief. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure any and every case of Dyspepsia. It will cure every case of Liver Complaint. It will remove the yellow and sallow appearance from the skin and eyes. It will restore the nervous system to its original vigor, and give entire health to the body. For sale by all druggists. They are not used as a beverage.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, New York, Agent.

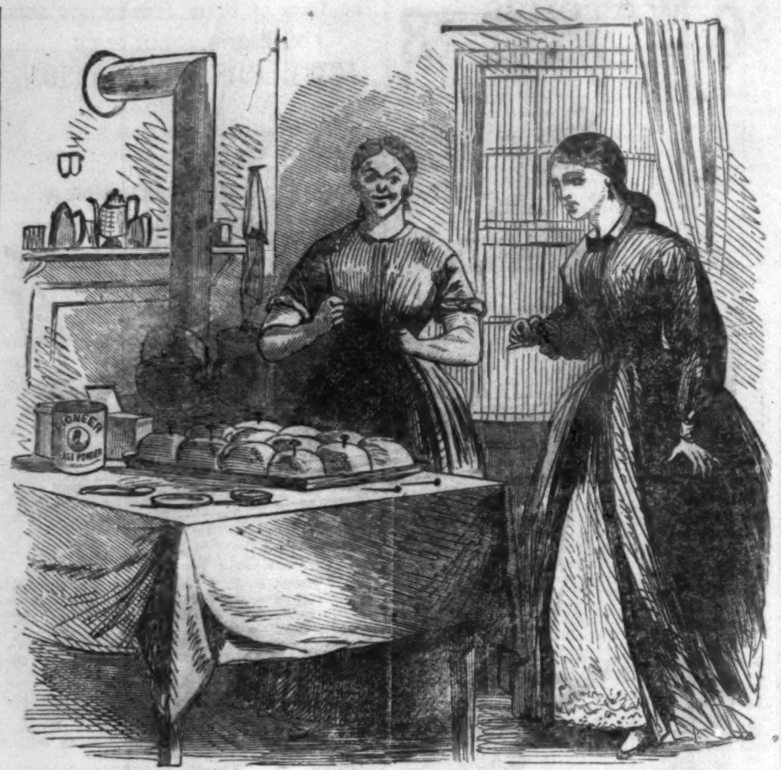
CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.—HEGEMAN & CO.'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE cures chapped hands, &c., immediately, and will keep the skin soft and smooth in the coldest weather. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail for 35 cents. HEGEMAN & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists, New York.

SEDENTARY HABITS.

There is no class of the community more subject to disease of the digestive organs than those whose business compels them to be continually within doors, either seated at a desk, or standing behind a counter. *Hoofland's German Bitters* will prove a true blessing to these persons, and enable them to fulfill the duties of their station with a spirit and alacrity unknown to them before. These Bitters can be had of any druggist. They are not a substitute for whisky. H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, Agent, New York.

MME. DEMOREST'S superior, beautiful, and reliable TOILET PREPARATIONS. LILY BLOOM for the complexion, 50 cts. ROSEATE BLOOM for the complexion, 50 cts. CURLING CREAM for the hair, 50 cts. PERFUME PACKET, very durable, 50 cts. Mailed free on receipt of price. Mme. Demorest's Emporium of Fashions, No. 473 Broadway, N. Y. Sold by all the Druggists.

In those cases of scanty, retarded growth (the person over 18), the Balsam of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Mustache, &c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See Testimonials.) The History and a small Sample of this Balsam sent sealed on receipt of return postage.
JOHN RAWLINS, 815 Broadway, New York.



Mistress. "Why, Bridget, what *are* you doing—nailing those biscuits down to the tray?"
Cook. "Yes, faith, Mum, or they'd be afther liftin' the tops off your oven, Mum—this Yaste Powdher's so moity powerful."

The Pioneer Yeast Powder is manufactured by Taylor & Young, No. 186 Front Street, New York.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.

An exact and reliable Pocket Timekeeper for Ladies and Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and wonderful Novelty. Correctly constructed on the most approved Scientific Principles, and warranted to Denote Solar Time with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate timekeeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. It requires no key or winding up; never runs down, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by Royal Letters Patent. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Special notice. Our original article being the *only one* legally protected from infringement, *all persons* are cautioned from buying or offering for sale any Imitation, under no matter what Alteration of Name, or they will be liable to Fine and Imprisonment. Beware of Impostors, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a *useless article* (with a slight alteration of name) entirely unlike our *genuine* Timekeeper. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., Sole Proprietors, 204-206 Broadway, N.Y.

A Watch Free to Every Agent.

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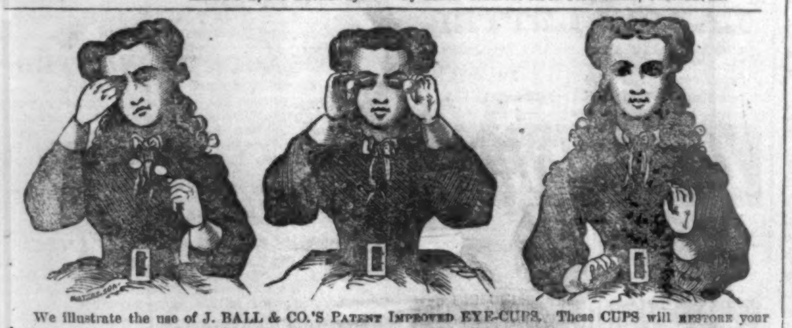

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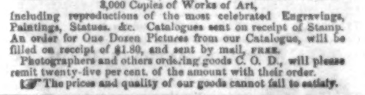

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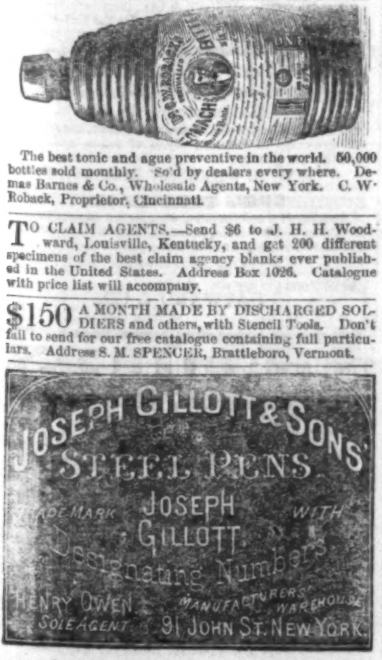

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And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

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Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Five envelopes sent for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5. Address

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FOR THE CURE OF

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